

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

The approach of the municipal elections should cause the citizens of Toronto to make some inquiry as to their duty in such affairs. Unfortunately duty has too little to do with candidature for office, either on the part of those who are themselves running or with those who merely turn out to vote as a matter of personal friendship for a candidate or with a desire to defeat some by-law or drive into private life some obnoxious alderman who has refused to erect a gas lamp in front of their door while putting new illuminators and sidewalks in profusion elsewhere. If each one of us were to inquire how often have we gone out on municipal election days in Toronto firmly determined to support some principle which we have decided to be just and right, mentally equipped with a list of the candidates who deserve election, and filled with enthusiasm to do on that day of the year the very best we can for the city, we would be surprised to find how seldom our motives are really worthy of the right of citizenship. In thinking the matter over, I reckon we would be forced to confess that on the ordinary municipal election day we have voted for aldermen when it was convenient and left it alone when it would put us out of our way; as a rule we voted too for the "best fellow"—as we loosely reckon good fellowship—and did not forget the man who solicited our vote if we hadn't anything particular against him. Concerning the "good fellows" for whom we have voted we may feel a guilty sense that not one of them should be in the City Council, we may know they are incompetent, "loose," or even suspect that they make a little something now and then out of their position, and yet the reflection that we have not done our duty, in fact that we have done exactly what was opposed to the best interests of the city, may not make us feel a particle ashamed. We argue that it is nobody's business what we do with our vote and yet it is everybody's business and should be their urgent business. A business man does not want to be thought a prude, an old woman, and if two or three of his friends are running in the ward he thinks he is obliged to vote for them whether they are worthy or not. There are plenty of men who frequent bar-rooms who are ashamed to vote for men who have solicited them in such resorts and yet they do it out of a mistaken idea of good fellowship. They do not pause to think that it is not necessary because a man does not draw the line at a tap-room that he should vote in favor of the city being managed by tapsters. Then, going to the other extreme you will find good churchmen voting and working for some lunkhead of a candidate simply because he has been teacher in the Sunday School or one of the sidesmen in the church. The reason in one instance is just as poor as one in the other. The sidesman may be more respectable than the bar-room politician, while the latter may have more good, ordinary horse sense and commercial knowledge in a minute than the sidesman has all summer. I do not imagine that because a man is a good Sunday School worker, or even a prominent member of a church, that he is consequently good material for an alderman; nor does it follow because a man may not be choice in his company that he is unfit to transact public business. Yet people who talk about elections say this man will get the saloon vote and the other man will get the church vote. Why? Because it is generally understood that when a man offers himself for election, the crowd he has been travelling with must necessarily support him. Much too frequently voting is thus done by groups of electors who go together like a flock of sheep.

But even if the ratepayers on election day were to do their very best to make a wise selection from amongst the candidates in the field, they would not be doing their whole duty. It is the business of every citizen to do his share, not only to elect good men after they are nominated, but to procure the nomination and acceptance of the most available men in the city. What are the thoughtful electors now doing towards this? In some of the wards the candidates who are now offering themselves for election are, without exception, bad. What are the good citizens of these wards likely to do about it? Will they take the trouble to induce good men to come out? Not at all. Each one feels that it is none of his special business, so a group of four or five worthless and undesirable candidates will be left to fight it out among themselves, every voter thoroughly aware that it does not matter much who is elected or who is beaten, the ward will be as badly represented as it possibly can be. After it is found that the Council is largely made up of the victors in such scrub races the people ridicule the board of aldermen, abuse the individuals, sneer at the committees and occasionally stand aghast when they view the utter asininity of many things which are done. Look at the Don improvement, that monumental folly of a fool committee, of a fool council which seemed to have been cursed by fool advisers of every sort. Is it wonderful that such expensive mistakes, such acts of inconceivable ignorance, such exemplifications of what it is possible for a set of ignoramuses to do, are the result when stupidity inflamed by vanity, sets itself about tasks of which it knows nothing, of which it tries to learn nothing, in which it accomplishes nothing except the squandering of public funds. To those who occasionally visit the City Hall it is as good as a comedy to see a chump committee busily engaged in showing the city solicitor his business, or three or perhaps four or five real estate speculators all wearing the title of "Alderman," dragging the clothes off the city

engineer in a desperate and finally successful attempt to induce him to recommend the expropriation of some property which will directly put thousands of dollars as a compensation into the pockets of real estate owners while at the same time largely enhancing the value of their holdings. These little dramas of municipal life are being played in every corner. Fifteen professed real estate agents are not in the City Council for nothing. They have been opening streets and booming property and spending the city's money away out in the suburbs while big blocks of land are uninhabited near the heart of the town which can be bought almost as cheaply as those distant pastures. Everything that goes under the name of local improvement the Council seems willing to pass, as if these very local improvements are not piling up debts on streets where the owners can scarce pay their general taxes. People seem to forget that the whole city has an interest in every local improvement, that every dime of taxation that is put on a street makes the burden of general taxation so much heavier. While the general rate is fifteen mills on the dollar there are plenty of streets where the local improvement rate brings it up to twenty mills and in many instances to a still higher figure. The whole amount of taxation is

Council, are actuated by any but the noblest motives. The very nature of their profession makes their minds particularly susceptible to the beauties of philanthropy and the delights of unselfishness; it being their chief aim to provide homes for workmen, to cover the growing family with a roof tree—which is to be paid for on the instalment plan—it becomes conceivable that these gentlemen are the vanguard of that glorious period when every man shall be his own landlord and every woman her own bailiff. It is a beautiful thing worthy of being sung in inflated and high-stepping verse to see these public benefactors laying out fifty acres of speculative lands at the public expense. One of these gentlemen in the Council moves that the City Engineer prepare plans for opening a street through Hardscrabble Common and for building a bridge over the Don to connect said street with Queen street about two miles away. The city clerks and engineers are put at work preparing these plans which should be done by the owner of Hardscrabble Common. At last the plan is ready, the City Council considers it a beautiful thing and an order is issued for the expropriation of the land for the building of the street. Alderman Jinks may be a part owner of the Hardscrabble

is it to be worse in 1890? Then a rare lot of pullets it will be!

There has been no year of greater importance in the history of Toronto than the one which will meet us at the end of this month. The street car franchise, the Esplanade, the Don, the Court House and many other problems must be considered, and yet we are likely to meet this phalanx of difficulties with an army as absurd as Falstaff's!

We have a Citizens' Association. Why does it not meet and consider the necessity of nominating good men in every ward? It is well enough to devote attention to the Esplanade problem, but there is no use trying to protect the front of the city if the bowels of it are to be eaten out by the cancer of recklessness, incompetence and unblushing self-seeking. What is the use of building a viaduct if we elect a City Council which has barely sense enough to pound sand, or alert honesty enough to prevent the contractors from stealing the furniture out of the City Hall?

Why should not the Citizens' Association take hold of this matter at once, hold a meeting, make nominations, and get the candidates ready

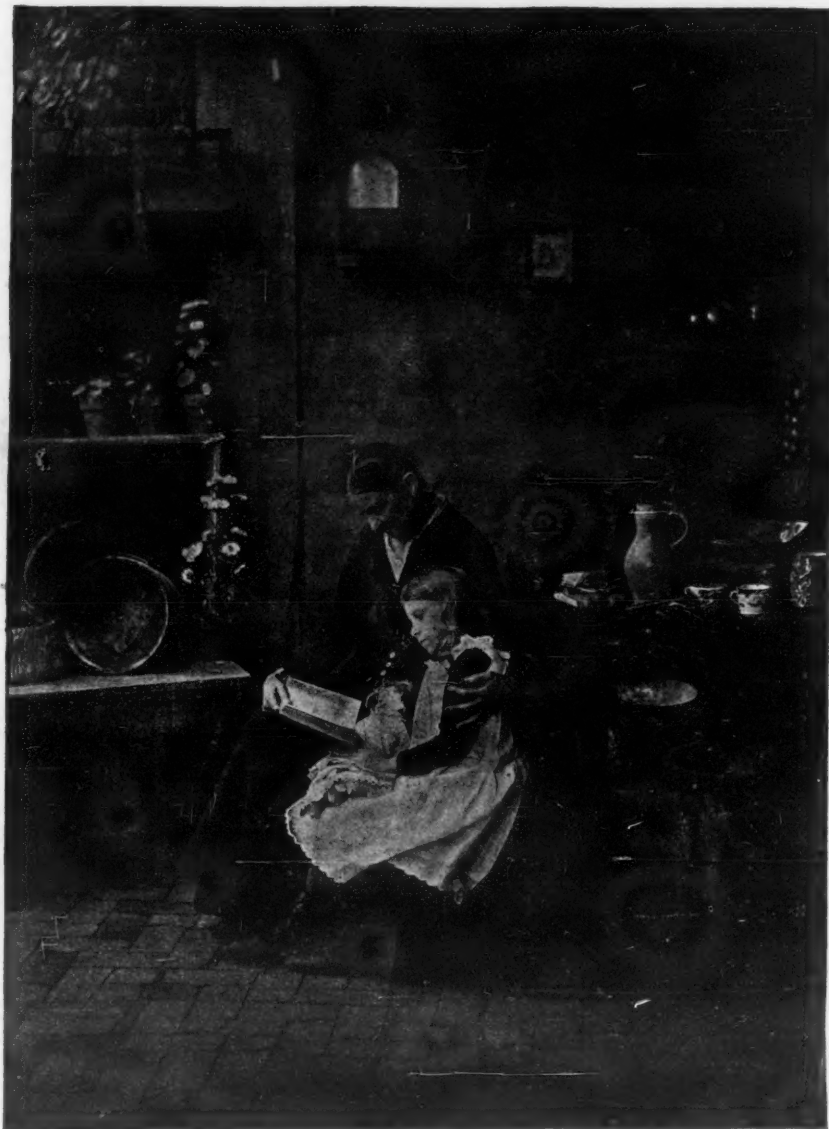
have watched the progress of events cannot but admit that churches are growing nearer together. The less they believe the nearer they get. In the old days a man was unswayed and still in the bonds of wickedness unless he was ready to swear to his belief in a catechism longer than a pumpkin vine and as unintelligible as a dozen theologians could make it. In those good and gracious days, a man to be saved must not only believe in his own salvation, but had to be convinced that all those who disagreed with him had been or were certain to be damned. Indeed it is not long ago that a man's religiousness ceased to be measured by the confidence he evinced in the damnation of others. Now as church members are beginning to throw the creeds instead of the heretics into the fire, the great mass of people are approaching a point where a heart union is at least possible. The world is too democratic to ever desire a similarity of form, and the churches no doubt for centuries may go on calling themselves by sectarian names but at heart everyone will believe nearly alike, and the creed may be almost as simple as that of the old Methodist brother who when called before the Conference to answer the charge of undue liberality replied by declaring his general belief to be as follows:

Our entrance into life is naked and bare,  
Our progress through it is trouble and care,  
Our exit out of it we know not where,  
But if we do well here we'll do well there.

"Christ," said the old man, "went through this world and showed us what doing well here is like. I am following him as near as I know how, and if there isn't room for me in the Methodist Church I won't have to change my belief when I get outside of it or inside of Heaven."

And yet amidst all the talk there was much said in which the rattle of teeth and swish of tongues proclaimed emptiness. I notice in the daily papers that one of their own officers and an enthusiast for Christian union has been forced to pick up his club and smite the Rev. Milligan for unkind things that unity-lover is alleged to have said about his particular Church even before the love feast broke up. The hollowness of much of this exuberant talk was never better exemplified than at the meeting of the Presbytery when the Galt heretics were expelled for believing in the Methodist doctrine of sinless perfection—sanctification. The expulsion had just taken place and the heretics figuratively dragged out when the deputation of Methodist brethren waited on the Presbytery, and the followers of Calvin and Wesley fell upon one another's necks and wept for very joy when they thought how few differences they had. The Methodists told the Presbyterians there was really nothing but a name between them and the Presbyterians assured the Methodists that the name amounted to nothing, that in heart and soul, and, in fact, in belief, they were one. Wasn't it funny when at that minute the Presbyterian heretics who had been expelled for believing in Methodist doctrine were cooling their heels in the ante-room or on the sidewalk?

A local incident this week contained many of those elements of social tragedy of which French romancers construct their harrowing tales of sin and suffering. Every Jean or Jeanette comes from the provinces, falls into the snares of that maelstrom of pleasure, Paris, struggles to conceal from honest friends the disgraceful truth, is discovered, all is lost, etc. Those who have doubted the fidelity of such histories must have found in the arrest of the young woman on Center street, an incident quite as unlikely and fully as touching as any of the episodes in the life of Nanon or Lisette. A young girl came from the country to work in the city, found the life of a servant a hard one, and not lacking tempters, elected to follow the course which has but one ending whether it be lived in gay Paris or muddy Toronto. Not enough was known of her to weave any romance about her evil-doing or even to suggest palliation of the offence she committed against society and herself. However, when the police raided the house, capturing the painted women and dissolute men, a lad about fourteen was discovered asleep in an attic room and it is his story which suggests so much of tears, heart-ache and shame. He was the brother of the girl who kept the house in which he was found. His parents had not heard from their daughter for several months, and, though she told them that she was prospering, had a pleasant situation and was content, her long silence made them fear that she had perhaps gotten out of employment, was poor and hated to go home because her clothes were not such as she had been used to wear, so the good old father and mother arranged a nice little surprise for her, procured new clothes, a pair of shoes, etc., and sent them to the city by her little brother. He quite easily found the place, and was surprised to find his sister's surroundings so luxurious, the company so numerous and their conduct so unconventional, but he was assured that it was a boarding house and these people were boarders. Tired by his journey he went to bed early, and awoke to find himself in the hands of the police. The scene in the court next morning as he told his story and as his abandoned sister pleaded for him made a striking tableau, but when the lad reached home and related there his pitiful tale, the climax of this piece of realism was doubtless reached. News of death and disaster may desolate a home, but one can scarcely imagine the feelings, the consternation, the overwhelming disgrace that would strike the hearts of those parents



LEARNING TO READ.

accumulating more rapidly than the people imagine and yet these boomsters in the Council and out of it are crying out, "let the improvements go ahead, it is none of the city's business." And many of the local improvements themselves are being done in the most disgraceful manner. It is nobody's business. Cedar block roadways are being laid out in the country where there are no interested ones to watch the work, as if such improvements were as ephemeral as a "tote road." The speculators who get the pavement put down don't care. They do not expect to have to pay for it. They sell the land and let the poor purchaser settle the bill and discover the worthlessness of what he is paying for.

While there are fifteen real estate agents in the City Council, there are half a score more who are large operators in blocks of land and real estate generally. What can we expect from a Council whose interest is all in the direction of putting down miles and miles of shoddy pavement, break-neck sidewalk and swill-trough sewer? Is it strange that we cannot find money to clean the business streets when these active promoters of suburban joints need the money to open streets down towards the Humber or through the hills north of Toronto or away off in the goose pastures of Macdonaldville? Of course we do not urge that the score of real estate operators, whose branch offices are in the City

district and puts away in his capacious pocket some good money paid for the land expropriated. Then he and his partners begin to sell lots along the new street at city prices, and further streets are opened at the public expense and drained and paved by local assessment, and lamps put up out of the general fund. People buy lots, pay twenty-five dollars a foot because they have a pavement and a sewer, then they proceed to pay for the pavement and sewer themselves, pay taxes, pay interest, and by-and-by they may get a home as the righteous get to heaven—through much tribulation. Nearly half the City Council is made up of these enterprising gentlemen who provide homes for the poor but honest on this beneficent plan, and Toronto has been run to suit them. Just now a number of gentlemen who have large blocks of land which they have been unable to break up at a sufficient profit, are looking about them for an opportunity to enter the Council. They see that a real estate man without a branch office in the City Hall is behind the procession. Considerable of the new blood that is likely to offer itself in 1890 is of this sort; and some of the old blood which was left out of the Council for the Council's good, is trying to get back in it again for fun and old friendship's sake. Some of the best men in the Council are retiring for various reasons. So far no noticeably good men are stepping forward to take their places. Witness, oh Heaven! there were few enough worth the name in this year's Council;

to go in the field on the regular nomination day? There would not be a long canvass and a score of good men with solid interests at stake could be got in the Council and they in addition to the dozen excellent gentlemen who are already there would be in the majority while now the solid aldermen are in a small minority which threatens to grow still smaller. If the Citizens' Association is alive it will do this thing at once. It is the only organization to which the public can turn for immediate relief. It will deserve well of the city if it undertakes the task even though it may excite criticism and incur the displeasure of the boomers. The association is composed of business men and it ought to be able to stand abuse. Next year it might properly apply itself to the task of reorganizing the system as well as the personnel of our government.

The evangelical alliance has recently closed a meeting in which a great deal of sweet fraternal enthusiasm was worked up over the idea of Christian unity. It is beautiful to see brethren dwell together in such loving kindness. It is also rare, though if we can believe with some of the orators the east is even now streaked with bars of glory announcing the incoming of a universal church. It would be indeed glorious if we could believe these heralds and follow with confidence leaders who are willing to see the collection taken up in one mammoth hat. Those who



and bow their heads in undying shame. Yet this is but one chapter in one home. If all the chapters in all the homes were collected even "the world itself would not contain the books which would be writ."

### Social and Personal.

The event of the last eight days has been also undoubtedly the event of the season. Since the ball which Lord Lansdowne gave at Government House nearly three years ago, the brilliance and magnificence of the ball at the Toronto Club on Friday of last week, has never been approached. The thanks of society are due to the members of this old established and fashionable club for their princely liberality, and the greatest credit has been accorded to the ball committee for the zeal and discretion with which they carried out their arduous duties. That these gentlemen were zealous and experienced was abundantly proved by the fact that nothing which could contribute to the success of the affair was omitted, and by the care that had been evidently devoted to the smallest detail. One important evidence of their discretion was their refusal to allow the invitation list to exceed five hundred, so that, although in one or two places the crush was of necessity sufficiently severe, yet there was no real discomfort from this cause. As instances of the attention shown to these details, which hostesses so frequently forget, I may mention the admirable arrangement of the spacious cloak-rooms, which for the occasion had been lined with wooden frames containing numbered partitions into which wraps, etc., were put so that the belongings of each guest were kept securely separate and could be recovered easily and without delay. Another capital idea was the displaying in, at least, two parts of the house besides the ball-room of the numbers of the "next dance," so that one was spared the constant interrogatories as to dates, so common at most balls in places distant from the dancing-room. Again, the commencement of each number of the programme was heralded by a strong-lunged cornetist who blew an assembly call in the center hall which penetrated to the furthest corner of the building.

To those of the five hundred guests who had not seen the house before, its solid and stately luxury was a revelation. There are many larger clubs in America, but there are few, if any, that are furnished and fitted up in better taste and better style. Heavy oak carving, spacious arm chairs of richest leather, artist-proof engravings in massive frames—all make the ideal club house. It is said that the talented architect was responsible for the furniture and interior decoration as well as for the actual building; he has evidently recognized the fact that a club house and a residence are *tres autres choses*, and has entirely dispensed with all decoration that might ever seem the least unnecessary. Two lofty apartments, the large dining-room and the smaller dining-room, meeting it at right angles, made a magnificent ball-room. Several days' work had been devoted to the floor; for the first few dances it was a little sticky, but this soon wore off, and it was afterwards pronounced perfect. Poppenberg's famous band had been brought from Buffalo and very fully sustained its reputation. At first, very naturally, the musicians took their waltzes a little fast, as the waltz is at present danced in the States, but presumably a hint was given them for they afterwards slowed down to the time which Toronto dancers affect. An excellent feature of their programme was that very nearly every number was entirely new to almost all the guests; so good was their selection and so admirably did they play it that many numbers were loudly applauded, and several actually encored—a rare compliment to a band at a dance. No. 11 on the programme, a military schottische, to music by Brooke, was so popular that it was substituted for a waltz lower down. Contrary to general opinion the military schottische seems to have taken a real hold, and its Highland namesake has disappeared.

But at all balls there are many people who prefer the charms of some secluded corner even to the pleasures of the dance, and the wants of these latter had been abundantly attended to. I did not count them, but there must have been at least a dozen rooms, in addition to hall and stairway, for the use of those who "sit out." The house abounds in snug recesses and broad bow windows. Every recess had been curtained off and provided with two chairs, while each bow-window had been divided by a screen and a double seat placed on each side of it. In ball-room, supper-rooms and halls, there was a blaze of electric light and gas, but elsewhere lamps were shaded and low. The main supper-room was on the upper story and had been transformed by canopies of blue and gold into a gigantic tent. The tables were covered with the rarest delicacies known to the epicure, with which an army of waiters supplied the wants of guests at little tables in several adjacent rooms. A connoisseur of champagne could order his favorite brand or might make a trial of several. It is needless to say that so many delights were not early deserted. The clock had struck four before the curtain fell on one of the most brilliant events of Toronto's social history.

The list of the guests includes almost everybody of note in Toronto society, and has been given at length by the daily papers. Montreal and Ottawa each contributed a sprinkling, while a special car brought a large party from Hamilton. Amongst these visitors were: Mr. Frank Mackelcan, Q.C., and Mrs. Mackelcan, Hon. J. M. Gibson, Mr. Alex. Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Stewart, Miss Edith Brown, Mrs. Wm. Sinclair, of Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. Colin Campbell and Mr. Bruce Campbell, of Montreal; Miss Parker, Mr. Ralph Bruce, Mr. R. B. Ferry, Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie, Miss Hendrie, the Messrs. Hendrie, Miss Dewar, of Hamilton; Captain Jones, of Victoria, B.C.; the Messrs. Jones of Ottawa; the Messrs. Benson of Port Hope; the Hon. George and Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston.

I am told on the best of authority that the affair has cost the members of the club very nearly four thousand dollars.

At this ball there were some particularly lovely dresses. Among them I noticed Mrs. Crowther's, an elegant gown, dancing length, of cream duchesse satin and gold and cream brocade, white hyacinths were worn on the corsage and a bouquet of the same flowers carried; Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, gold and white brocade and tulle; Miss Sibyl Seymour, eau de nille tulle; Mrs. Willie Crowther, white crepe de chine over white silk; Mrs. Ryerson, gray brocade silk and tulle; Mrs. Nordheimer wore an elegant dress of pale blue satin and brocade, with pearl trimming and delicately tinted pink cacti; Miss Edith McFarlane wore white satin trimmed with white tulle and pink carnations; Mrs. Langmuir, black velvet with white lace trimmings; Miss Langmuir, white net and silk; Mrs. John Crowther, black velvet and white lace; Miss Maud Rutherford, pink crepe de chine; Mrs. Hendrie of Hamilton, gray tulle and silk with steel trimmings; Mrs. Gamble Geddes, pink brocade shot with blue and gold; Miss Howard, gray tulle and steel, with crimson roses; Miss Stewart of Port Hope, cream and yellow satin; Miss Seymour of Port Hope, white silver-woven tulle; Miss Parsons, white net with white chrysanthemums; Mrs. F. Mackelcan, pink satin and crepe de chine; Miss Dunlop, electric blue tulle and silk; Mrs. Cosby, yellow satin; Mrs. Meyrick Banks wore green satin embroidered in gold and pearls, with diamond ornaments; Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston, pink brocade and diamonds; Miss Carmichael, salmon-pink silk; Mrs. Sweny, white brocade and white lace; Mrs. Hendrie, white satin covered with exquisite lace; Mrs. Jack Hendrie, pink satin and tulle; Miss Daisy Brown, black satin and tulle with calla lilies; Miss Humphrey, white satin and tulle; Mrs. Brouse lavender tulle with lavender satin ribbons; Miss Cawthra, white silk embroidered in gold; Miss Van Koughnet, pink tulle and satin; Miss Cockburn, pale blue crepe de chine; Mrs. H. K. Merritt, pale blue satin with silver trimmings; Mrs. Nesbitt, white and silver; Mrs. Melford Boulton, lemon crepe de chine and silk; Mrs. Kerr, white satin and blue and silver brocade; Miss Strachan, black velvet and white satin; Mrs. Helman, white tulle; Miss Strange, white silk; Miss McNis of Hamilton, black tulle with cinnamon ribbons; Mrs. Osler, white silk, pink trimmings; Mrs. Harry Moffatt, yellow silk and yellow tulle; Mrs. Cecil Gibson, white satin; Mrs. Burson, white tulle; Miss Armour, white lace and tulle, with green ribbons; Miss Thorburn, dark green tulle with a foot trimming of flowers on the skirt; Mrs. Buchanan, sage-green silk and pink roses; Mrs. Perram, black tulle with white satin trimmings; Miss Bunting, white silk and satin striped chambray gauze; Miss Bain, pale blue tulle.

Mrs. Albert Nordheimer gave a most enjoyable At Home, Wednesday, at her residence, Kenmore, on Bloor street. Over two hundred guests were made welcome by the hostess, assisted by Miss Seymour. Mrs. Nordheimer's gown was of vieux rose foulard, with gupure lace garniture, while Miss Seymour wore electric blue china silk, with white front and silver trimmings. Harpers furnished music, which was only the basis for gay converse and social chat, and so the guests made merry the late afternoon hours. Among those present from other places were Mr. Colin Campbell, Mr. Bruce Campbell and Mr. F. David of Montreal, and Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston.

Amongst distinguished foreigners who have recently visited Toronto are Count de Key-Orlay and Baron de La Grange of Paris, France. These gentlemen arrived last week and will make a short stay here.

Sir Edward and Lady Agnew of Shropshire, England, were in town this week. They proceeded to-day to Ottawa, and thence via Montreal and Halifax to England.

The Hon. Arthur Lyon of London, England, has been visiting friends in town. Mr. Lyon left this week for New York.

Mr. J. H. Pauw has returned from a stay of some weeks in New York. Mr. Pauw has taken Mr. Fox's place at Tintagel, McCaul street.

The Misses Brown of Port Hope are staying with their relations in town.

Captain Jones of C Battery of Artillery, quartered at Victoria, B.C., is staying with friends in town.

Mr. Hugh Spencer, R.E., is visiting friends on Spadina avenue.

Mr. Tolson of Tamworth, England, was in town this week.

Sir Adolphe Caron paid a fleeting visit to Toronto, on Tuesday last.

Colonel Currie of London, England, is amongst the visitors of the past week.

The Misses Beatty of the Queen's Park left yesterday for a visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Jones sail next week from New York to Bermuda, where they will spend the remainder of the winter.

Cards are out for a dance at Colonel and Mrs. Sweny's splendid house on Bloor street on the 31st of this month. Colonel and Mrs. Sweny are certain to repeat their great success of last February, and for their guests the New Year will be most jovially born.

The Messrs. Nowles of Bloor street left this week for a short visit to Halifax.

The Hon. George Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston have been the guests of Sir David and Lady Macpherson at Chestnut Park. Mr. Kirkpatrick left this week for Chicago, where he attended in state the opening of the enormous new auditorium.

Mr. and Mrs. Cattenach are expected home from England before long. It will be with great sorrow that a very large circle of friends will learn that Mr. Cattenach's health is but little improved.

Mr. Sparks of Ottawa was staying with friends in town last week.

The Masonic fraternity of Hamilton have issued invitations for a charity ball, to be given in the Drill Shed of that city, on the evening of Friday, December 20. The lady patronesses are Mrs. B. E. Charlton, Mrs. John Crerar, Mrs. J. M. Gibson, Mrs. F. E. Kilvert, Mrs. R. A. E. Kennedy, Mrs. J. M. Lottridge, Mrs. F. Mackelcan, Mrs. J. J. Mason, Mrs. H. Murray, Mrs. J. W. Murton, Mrs. George Roach. Ample accommodation is provided for upwards of twelve hundred guests, and so far the indications are that the undertaking will be marvellously successful. Through the courtesy of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. J. M. Gibson and officers commanding, the full band of the 13th Battalion has been engaged and will supply the music.

Invitations have been issued by the Telegraphers of Toronto for their annual ball, to be given in Webb's ball-room, on the evening of January 10, 1890.

Miss Nairn of Kelvinside, Jarvis street, is spending the winter with friends in Europe.

Mrs. J. R. Miller of Castlefield, Eglinton, gives an evening party on December 25.

Mr. L. R. O'Brien returned this week from England.

The Misses Benson of Port Hope are staying with their aunt, Mrs. Edward Jones, Church street.

Mrs. Philip Strathy, Esther street, gave an enjoyable afternoon tea last Saturday.]

The members of the Parkdale Boating Club have not yet ceased jubilation over the success of their ball, held at the Club house, at the foot of Dowling avenue, on the evening of December 6. So pleased were a number of the guests with the affair that they have signified their desire to join the club. About two hundred people were present, and the whole affair was such a success that it will probably be repeated several times during the season. The officers of the club are Messrs. A. W. Dodd, president; J. W. St. John, 1st vice-president; T. W. Jones, 2nd vice-president; George Schofield, secretary-treasurer; C. J. Strong, J. P. Lawless, R. Forbes, C. H. Jagger.

Rev. Prof. Clark of Trinity College is staying at present with President Potter, at Hobart College, Geneva, where he is charming the students and public with a delightful course of lectures. Prof. Clark's name is so well known all over the Province as an eloquent preacher and lecturer that he has to refuse applications almost daily. His many friends in Toronto will be glad to hear that he has consented to deliver one of the public lectures at Trinity College, in March, on William the Silent.

Mrs. Macell of Bellevue street gives an At Home on Wednesday, December 18.

Mr. A. Gordon Gamble of New Westminster, B.C., arrived in town last week, and is at the Arlington. He will spend Christmas with his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gamble.

The At Home of Mrs. Alexander Gibson of St. Albans street, to which all society were bidden last Saturday, between the hours of 4 and 6 30 o'clock, proved a thoroughly enjoyable entertainment, and a large number of guests responded to the charming hostess' invitation, notwithstanding the several other teas on the same day.

Mr. and Mrs. Orde and family of Rosedale have gone to Florida to spend the winter.

Bailie Villa, the residence of Mrs. Chas. Powell, was the scene of a pleasant gathering on December 6, it being the eighteenth birthday of Miss Ida Powell. Among those present noticed the following: Mayor and Mrs. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Barkwell, Mr. and Mrs. Harries, Mr. and Mrs. Lawless, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, the Misses Allen, Notman, Leadley, McCall, McHarge, Anderson, Mossap, Woods, Sinclair, Thompson, McGrath, Hurst, Herdman, and Mrs. Miller, H. W. Smith, Messrs. J. Sinclair, Allen, J. and G. Johnston, F. C. Ottenham of Hamilton, A. W. Maybury, E. McGuire, G. E. Miller, T. Norman, F. G. Anderson, J. Elliott, H. Taylor, H. W. Fiddell, Flemming Mason of Hamilton, E. Kendall, F. Lea, Davis, Reeves, and Phillips.

The first electric illumination of a church in New York city took place on Sunday evening under the auspices of the Manhattan Electric Light Company, after designs by the well-known artist Mr. Howard E. Watkins. The electric lights representing a burst of light leading from the cross to the crown, are marvels of grace and elegance, and are well worth a visit from all interested in church lighting and decoration.

### Out of Town.

On Wednesday, December 4, a pleasant evening was spent at Harr Hall, when a small At Home was given. About thirty-five availed themselves of this pleasure, and it was not until the small hours that the merry party bid adieu. Mrs. Mason received the guests in a black satin de Lyon dress. Those present: Mrs. J. Sanford wore black lace and brocade en train, Mrs. H. McKeggle, handsome silk with gold passementerie en train; Miss Schreiber, black lace and jet; Miss Brydon, terra cotta plush with passementerie; Miss Reiner, black lace and jet, with loops of pretty ribbon; Miss Baker, heliotrope china silk; Miss Mason, garnet brocade silk and plush; Miss Hornsby, heliotrope brocade with grenadine of the same shade; Miss Bertie Stewart, pale blue cashmere; Miss Spry, cream cashmere; Miss B. Mason, ecru silk and lace; Miss Mylie Henderson, pale blue china silk; Miss Holmes, terra cotta cashmere; Miss J. Forsyth, cream lace; Miss T. Mason, white with mauve sash; Miss N. Thomson, cream cashmere and lace; Messrs. J. Sanford, H. McKeggle, F. H. Lauder, F. Hornsby, E. A. Mitchell, Dr. W. A. Ross, Hugh Korright, B. Schreiber, Coffee, H. McVittie, R. C. Gillett, T. Baker, W. Spry, F. Stevenson and G. F. R. Fairbairn.

Dr. W. Pepler of Toronto spent Sunday in town and was the guest of Mrs. F. E. Pepler. Mrs. Scott of Hamilton is spending a few weeks in Barrie and is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. H. Morris.

A ball will probably be given in the early part of January by the Barrie bachelors. The one last year was a success in every respect, so many will anticipate a gay time if the event takes place.

Mr. Fred Hewson of the Bank of Toronto

(Toronto) has been transferred to the Barrie branch recently.

Mr. J. G. Bird of Gananoque is spending his holidays in town.

Rev. Mr. Hill of Chatham was in town on Tuesday and gave a very interesting lecture in the parochial school house.

A grand bazar and promenade concert was held last Thursday in the town hall in aid of the hospital.

Mr. Nicholson, formerly of Barrie, spent a few days here lately.

Mr. B. Schreiber left last week for London where he will probably remain some time.

### OCULAIRE.

#### How to Retain Beauty.

A New York society woman noted for her fresh youthfulness, says that the way in which she preserves her charm and escapes wrinkles is by going to bed when things grow unpleasant.

"When I get overworked with my social duties, when things go wrong generally, and when I get into that mood with which every woman is familiar, when life does not seem worth living and one hates one's best friends, I simply go to bed and stay there till things are straight and I begin to feel a new zest of life. I come back into the world in the most beatific frame of mind, with all my incipient wrinkles gone and everybody glad to see me. If women would just try this prescription they would be surprised to find how it lengthened their youth, soothed their nerves, and made them far more agreeable companions and friends."

"An anxious mother who had a young daughter out for her first season, and who feared bad results from her not very strong constitution being subjected to the strain of a madly gay season, took this suggestion to heart and insisted that no engagements of any kind should be made for Sundays, and that her daughter should remain in bed all day, only getting up for tea and then going to bed again early. The result was that she brought her through the winter without so much as a cold, and when she left town for the summer she looked as fresh and rosy as when the autumn began."

Lady Londonderry, the most beautiful woman in England, with a proud rose and white loveliness that Time seems to have not the heart to blemish, has always followed this prescription. She spends one out of every ten days in bed. She sleeps until she wakens naturally, takes a warm bath, and goes back to bed, where she has a light breakfast, and then tries to go to sleep, or else lies quietly doing nothing, with the room kept dark. She sleeps as much as she can, and if she gets bored her maid reads her a few chapters from some light and frivolous novel. At six she rises and puts on a dressing gown and has her dinner in her dressing-room while her bed is arranged for the night, and remains on a sofa by the fire till about ten o'clock. She will not allow anything to interfere with this programme, and certainly the result seems admirable."

#### Mysterious Disappearances.

Guest—Waiter, I ordered cheese.

Waiter—Yes, sah; I brought it, sah. Right there, sah.

Guest—Humph! One little piece! Was that all you were given?

Waiter (anxious for the credit of the establishment)—They genly gives three or four pieces of cheese, sah. Maybe some of 'em got away.

#### How They Marry.

Returned Tourist—And so your daughter is married! She was the idol of her set. Did she make a wise choice?

Hostess—About as wise as women generally make. You know she was devoted to society—one of these social beings who live and breathe in a whirl of excitement, and she was scarcely ever without half a dozen companions.

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, she married a light house keeper."

The new Arlington Hotel is about to mark an epoch in its history by the opening next week of the magnificent new wing just completed on John street, overlooking the beautiful grounds of the Upper Canada College. All the rooms in this grand addition to this fashionable West End hotel are *en suite*, and fitted up in a style of unsurpassed elegance. The rooms are all furnished in oak and mahogany of the latest and most aesthetic patterns and designs. The carpets are the richest procurable, and were laid down by the well-known house of Beatty & Son, King street. The furniture was partly imported from Detroit and partly procured from the enterprising firm of Hoss & Co. most of the articles being duplicates of those furnished to the celebrated C. P. R. hotel at Banff. The most refined taste has been exhibited in all the appointments. The stained glass in the beautiful handiwork of the firm of McCausland & Son. Throughout this grand hotel an air of home-like quiet prevails, making it a very desirable residence for its guests. Among those who have taken up their quarters there we notice several well-known Toronto families, viz.: Dr. Covernton and Miss Covernton, Clarke Gamble, Q.C., and Mrs. Gamble, Mr. H. D. Gamble, Mrs. Russell, Miss Russell and Mr. John W. Russell, Mr. Edmund Bristol, of the law firm of Howland, Arnold & Bristol, and Mrs. Bristol, Professor Baldwin of Toronto University, Mr. W. D. Grand and family, and many others. A very successful future may confidently be predicted for this charming residential hotel.

#### Toronto College of Music.

The following programme, given on Saturday afternoon, December 7, may be taken as a fair specimen of the work done at the weekly pupils' concerts:

Kuhlau—Sonata.....	Miss McKinnon
Mozart—Minuet and Trio.....	Miss Murton
Kuhlau—Sonatina.....	Miss Kane
Sonata—Echos.....	Miss Morimer
Wagner—Scenes and Aria—Der Freischütz.....	Miss Parker
Lucanotti—Waltz Song.....	Miss Rutherford
Shelley—Love's Sorrows.....	Mr. R. J. Hall
(Vocal and piano pupils of Mr. Torrington.)	
Mendelssohn—Spring Song.....	Miss Snider
Schumann—The Messenger.....	Miss Langstaff
Kuhlau—Sonatina.....	Miss Mara
(Pupils of Mr. H. M. Field.)	
Kuhlau—Sonata.....	Miss VanDusen
Heller—Etude.....	Miss Parsons
(Pupils of Miss Williams.)	
Mozart—Air and Variations.....	Mr. Thos. Barr
(Pupils of Mr. W. O. Forsyth.)	
Beethoven—Rondo in C.....	Miss Halliday
(Pupils of Mr. Ernest Mahr.)	
Mozart—Sonata.....	Miss Smith
(Pupils of Mr. Carl Marrens.)	

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# Thirst! An Ocean Incident.

A PASSENGER'S STORY

It was the twentieth day of the calm—a calm so breathless, so hushed, so death-like that the like of it is unimaginable by the mind to which the fancy of the ocean comes as a vision of eternal restlessness. Day after day, for twenty days, had the great bald plains of the deep spread steeping into the hot blue atmosphere of the horizon staring up at the brassy heavens like a great eye, without the faintest stir of cat's paw to tarnish it with a shadow, and without further life in it than a slow, long, sickly swell like the languishing heaving of a dying breast, upon which our brig rolled with horrible regularity, away from the punctuality of the pendulum-swing to and fro, to and fro, a dreary sweep of the white buttons of her trucks athwart the central pouring glory of the noontide sky or across the hovering silver sheet of stars which whitened the indigo heavens from rim to rim when the last rusty slugs of sunset had melted into the western gloom.

We were bound to Kingston, Jamaica. Two months ago, when the brig of the sort I was aboard of were regular West Indian traders from the Thames carrying passengers and cargo with packet-like regularity; only that the passage that was sometimes made in five or six weeks was often run in three or four months. The Pelican was the name of the ship I was in; she was as proper a little brig as ever sight could desire to rest on; coppered to the bands with new sheathing that flung a sort of sunset into the water under her, when she lay at rest with light enough above to put a sheen into the metal; the bows of a clipper rising from knife-like sharpness at the forefoot into graceful breadth at the catheads and the lines coming along like the sheer of a swan to the elliptical stern with the right sort of molded quarters for slipping through the two seas, which her speed in a breeze promised to make scarce and wild as the look in the eyes of the fabled winged fish, the daintiest imaginable spaces crowning each white spire, and making one think of a bit of cloud having been torn away by the reel of the mast and shaping itself upon that tiny yard, high up in the sky, as one followed the swelling fabric from the wide spread of courses and top-sails on to the tender narrowing of the top-gallant sail, royal and sky sail.

I was the only passenger on board, though there was cabin accommodation for six or eight people. Our run after leaving the English Channel had been exceedingly good for some days. The captain was in high spirits; 'twas his first command of the brig and he would talk to her as she were his sweetheart, as the flashed through it in long floating plunges, the flinging rainbows to the windward sun and snowstorms to leeward, with a wake in tow of her that swung seething with the luster of white sea in over the blue ridges till the fan-shaped end of it vanished in the far off windy haze. Then on a sudden some time before our stern had approached the white cliffs, the steady wind of the breeze lifted and came on to blow dead ahead, raising a lump of sea that struck the weather bow in shocks which thrilled through the very heart of the little ocean beauty. With yards braced sharp up, reefs in the top-sails, the jib and stay-sail forward dark to midway their height, with the saturation of the sails and the first on one track then on another, staggering drunkenly upon the rushing surge, with masts alope and shrieking rigging, and the yeasty spume along side boiling up, with the leeward scuds to the level of the top-gallant rail. This was very well for a day or two; but before long it grew sickening and one could see the sailor's voice howling blasphemies. The captain's face grew longer every day. At noon there were signs to be had punctually, but very little encouragement to be got out of them.

"The Lord preserve us!" the old fellow would cry, "only two miles easting, all the more the more we're drifting! Why, at this rate, 'twould be better to go keeling, head for a Spanish port—to Cadiz where all the handsome girls be, and change our dollars into Madeirey and grapes, and so rest joyful until this here blowing weather changes its mind. Why, snipe my eyes! If headway is to be starnway it's about time for a man to go and get a new pair of eyes!"

Well sometimes we'd get a little slant, the sea moderating with it, which enabled us to look up to our course within two or three points; but for a whole six weeks, incredible as it may seem, were we so bothered, confounded, repelled by head winds, so defeated in every little nine days' run, that our lives were a weary of a skipper, adventured, by the spite of the breeze that would again and again head us after we had gone about, as though it meant to wear the souls out of the crew by keeping them pulling and hauling at the braces day and night, that at the expiration of seven weeks of night still say that even should the wind shift and come to help us for us, and keep us humming steadfastly throughout the rest of the passage Jamaica still lay a good month and a half distant.

Time wore on and we continued shoving along as best we could, keeping our hopes polished by thoughts of the northeast trades. But the only breeze that had blown from the north lasted but two days. For my part I don't believe it was the trade wind at all, not a breath from the fanning of a pinion of it. You would look aloft for the familiar trade cloud and see nothing but a piebald sky, mottled like the soap the washerwomen use, with scuds enough below in the air to make you feel as though you were appreciating the likeness, with a black curl of scud, perhaps, here and there, blowing across it and a higher range of vapor trending westward, the wrong way, as one would suppose.

Now about this time the cook made a discovery. We were short of fresh water. God knows how the blunder was happened, or who was to blame for it; but the casks in the hold told the truth and when the supply came to be overhauled and gauged it was discovered that if we were not to briefly perish of thirst all hands must be put forth upon the stingiest conceivable allowance. At this distance of time I could not over what it was, though I have some recollection of about a pannikin full a day for all purposes of washing, cooking and drinking with a sullen hint that if our passage should be further delayed, it might come to a thimbleful with a thanksgiving to God even for that blessing. Of course, we cast thirsty eyes up aloft in search of wet weather; but though at occasionally rain on the horizon the devil's luck was on the ship; not a drop fell to darken our white decks with a blot as big as a dime. I put my finger into the dew on the rail at night but the taste was salt—salt with a dash of oil in it from the paint; for when we got into that dead and roasting calm the brig fell to deteriorating and the water, like a burnt body with such a stink of hot paint in it that it turned the very thirst in one into sickness.

I was making the voyage merely to have a look at Jamaica; had embarked without consulting people who might have given me a useful hint or two; and as a fool had started very ill-provided with private stores. I had laid in a small stock of hams, conserves, a few pounds worth of useless delicacies with a quarter of a hen's egg of fowl, a dozen or so of brandy and the like. What would I have given when that calm came to have converted the whole into beer! The ship's stock of drinking water, consisted of rum, of which the captain and mates drank freely, and which was served out rather too handsomely, I would sometimes think, to the sailors. But rum out of board considerably above proof is not a liquor that

cools the thirsty palate. The men mixed it with water with the idea of making the draught go further, but there was so little water to put to the spirit that the dose when it at all approached the proportions of a drink was as fire; thirst was increased by it and the men ended, in cursing it, one of two of them only laying off when grog was "piped." We looked out for ships hoping to get help in that way; but though we sighted several sail during our stormier progress, the high sea put even more hailing out of question and when the dead calm fell, nothing was seen into the stagnant circle in whose heart our brig lay like the Ancient Mariner's rotting ship.

That calm made a wild disappointment for us. We had floated into it on the breath of a light breeze with a huddle of white clouds in the quarter whence the draught came; and there was a prismatic tinge upon their clustering brows in the evening of the night the clouds were gone and there was not a rag of vapor of the size of a man's hand anywhere about, as you saw by the stars which went down in a sort of showering of silver, as it seemed, to the very edge of the sea that brimmed to the sky black and gleaming as the surface of an ebony pool. Of course one went on living in hope, but I can tell you that at the end of the first week of this deadness there was never an eye that looked over the side at the blue tranquillity, with the blinding dazzle tremorless in its heart under the sun, without coming away from the sight with as scared and wild a look in it as I had caught a glimpse of Death's grimace patiently floating with his mirthless grin close aboard us.

In those twenty days we slid—though God knows how! for I never remember so much as the waft of a breath of air throughout the time—fifteen miles to the southward; as I live to write it. Fifteen miles only! Think of it in twenty days! Our rigging grew grey with the heat and dryness, the sun burnt so fiercely that if you let your hand lie for the space of a breath upon the black woodwork or upon such brass ornamentation as the binnacle-hood or the shield atop of the capstan you raised a blister for yourself that gave you pain for days. So hot was the deck that the brig seemed full of fire and if ever a man was rash enough to spring through the scuttle with his feet unshod he'd howl out to the burning of his toes as though he had stepped into a kettle of boiling pitch. We had a bit of an awning stretched aft, but it did nothing toward cooling the cabin. In fact it was just as hot below as above, and was not only the roasting atmosphere; the cockroaches blackened the beams; the place was full of rats besides; and then there was that sickening, heart-subsiding eternity of rolling with every bulkhead creaking, with every separate piece of cargo in the hold delivering a note of its own, the regular clank of the dooms jerking on the wheels, along with the downingsobbing of the swell as it came flushing to the bends. The stuff that the cook flung overboard at noon one day was close along side at noon the next day. We held a bottle in view for a week. I'd take it for a shark's fin sometimes, guessing that from the west, flash it would give; holding it impossible that the same object could linger so long at sea within so narrow a sphere; but it punctually proved the bottle of yesterday and of the preceding days, until in a fit of sheer disgust and rage at recurrence of that signal of our miserable stagnation, I let drive at it with my pistol and at the third shot shivered the glass and down it went.

It was the harder for the men, for their provisions were of a kind to breed thirst—salt beef sparkling with brine from the tierce and boiled in salt water; dark and clammy pudding as acid as the skimming of slush from the galley coppers could render it; and the more the more the men were driven to the imagination ashore to the can of frothing beer or better yet to the crystal of spring-water cold from the leaf-shadowed rocks. The captain did his best to deal with this difficulty by giving the poor fellows fresh messes. There was very little to eat on board however that was sweet, and it was impossible that the hungry as the forecastle victuals, only that it was of better quality, with a boiled or roasted fowl to vary it. Our condition grew horribly serious. When the twentieth day came there was scarce fresh water enough in the vessel to hold out for another week, whilst a fly might have waded through every sailor's daily allowance of it. The men had no more water, and water and maybe for that reason it was never thought of. It was idle to look round for a sail in so dead a calm. There were very few steamers afloat in those distant times and the fabrics driven by wheels made for the cape rather than these waters. And indeed no one then had the idea of sighting a steamship that of beholding the great sea serpent.

Well, the morning of the twentieth day broke. The sea was the same surface of glass it had been for high hand three weeks; but it was noticed by us with a fluttering of hope in every man's heart that the sun rose out of several long streaks of rosy cloud, a novelty to him, for it had been his custom to spring like a huge pink ball from behind the water line. Though his light was as tingling as of old we observed that the radiance lacked its wonted brilliant dazzle. There was something of mistiness in it and the wake of him came sallowly in a narrow band, to the brig's side, sulkily riding the roll of the sea, and the rain of the sea, still after eleven in the forenoon one saw what this meant by the darkening of the blue at the horizon away down in the northwest quarter; and ere eight bells were struck our masts were assailed to a pleasant wind, buzzing blue and hot into every cloth that the sailors could pile upon the vessel.

The captain had scarce brought his sextant away from his eye when a seaman, high aloft on the foretopgallant yard, with his figure showing black to the misty blaze of the sun as he swung from the tie, peering with shaded eyes under the foot of the royal, sent down an eager cry of "Sail on the starboard bow!" and within a quarter of an hour the gleam of her like the tip of a seabird's pinion was visible from the deck, steady in the same direction, proving that she was either heading our way or that we were overhauling her. We were, every man of us, mad for the sight of a vessel and we watched that pearl-like shape, as one may say, with dying eyes. It was speedily apparent, however, that she was standing toward us; she rose fast, showing in the lenses of the telescope as a fine schooner hauling the wind, lying down to the breeze in a manner to prove that she was light, and growing with such swiftness as was ample warrant of a clipper's heels.

"An American," said the captain to me, "or I am much mistaken."

"Why do you think so?" said I.

"Because of the sheen of her canvas," said he; "there's cotton enough in it for a hundred women's gowns. Fray Almighty Providence she be plentifully stocked with fresh water."

It was not long before we had a sight of her flag blowing from the foretop-mast head that we might see it clearly; the stars and stripes, as our captain had anticipated but the stars upside down converting the beautiful banner into a signal of distress.

"So much the better," cried our skipper, with the selfishness of misery. "She'll be sure to be the more willing to help us if we are able to help her. But what ails her! Sickness, a skulking mutineer or two, or something that a cask of beef may remedy? He chuckled, follow-

ing on with a cry to the helmsman, "nothing off, nothing off!"

She was as fine a schooner as ever breathed the blue surge; of the old Baltimore clipper type, black and long with a high bronzing of metal, and a noble flight of sea wings rising to the royal at the fore. You put it to the water pulsing at her bows as she came along, shearing through it like a knife through satin, with a hurry of light in her glossy sides that seemed reverberated to the very height of her in the tremendous pulling of her star-spangled bunting. Our captain was in the act, as I gathered from the looks of him and the movement of his lips, to order the brig's way to be arrested by bringing the top-sail to the mast, when he was stopped by the schooner going about, then filling on the starboard tack with her square sails clewing up, her peak dropping, her main tack in the act of being triced aloft, the fore and aft sails slowly descending and her head falling off so as to close us.

"Well," said the skipper, plunging his hands into his pockets with the surprised rounding of his eyebrows lengthening out into their old gray weatherly look. "I'll save us the bother of hauling the braces. It is a manoeuvre to tell a man that she must be to it though."

She was so fleet a sailer, you saw even half denuded as she was of her canvas, whilst we on the other hand had not started a stitch, that she must snug down yet if we were to overhaul her. To my fancy she had the look of a slaver, but with no ebony cargo in her now. She was flying light indeed, as a pirate's ship, her reduced canvas sofly and nimbly as a sleigh over the frisky rippings of the water.

We picked her up slowly, gradually driving down upon her; with features of her stealing out one by one; the staring white letters of her name, Marie Richmond, across her counter, a long-legged fellow in flowing white trousers, a jacket and a hat like a planter's standing in the main rigging ready to hail us; a negro at the long sweep of tiller frequently turning his chin upon his shoulder to watch us coming, and a crowd of mopping and moving heads along the rail, dingy-skinned for the most part, a few of the blacks and as picturesque as a pirate's company of rascals with their many colored apparel of red cap, white straw hat, blue shirt and the like. Our captain cut upon the rail ready to speak to the stranger. We were likely to come within a biscuit-toss of her through her manoeuvring; for whilst we had kept our helm amidships throughout, there had been a constant yawing off in her toward us, and you would have almost thought that she meant to lay us aboard. The schooner hailed us first.

"Ho, the brig ahoy!"

"Hillo!" sang back the captain.

"We're nigh all hands dead men here for the want of a drink of water. We want a small supply of fresh water! The last drop was drained out yesterday as the Lord's my witness. I'll send a boat! I'll send a boat!"

One saw now how wild was the look in the faces clustered along the schooner's rail. As for the fellow who had hailed us, his voice came along with such a husky note as a parrot's and the mere hearing of him was a torment in its way. There was a stir among the men as though they would get their boat over. Our captain instantly responded:

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry. We've scarce got water ourselves to last us another week and an eggshell of a man at that."

"By God, but you must share it with us!" cried the other.

"No," shouted our captain "all other stores we have you're welcome to a supply from. We can help you to beef, to rum, to molasses—but the little drop of water we have we must keep for our lives sake."

"Hushy voices from the men at the schooner's side yelled out with the tone of a scream in it. "We're dying of thirst. Ye will share what ye have with us for the sake of Jesus!"

"Was horrible to hear them and to watch them, to feel our helplessness in the face of their anguish; and our own disappointment at our water was the last thought that would have been put into our head by the sight of the inverted stripes and stars.

"Stranger," cried the fellow in the main rigging swinging out from the grip of one hand whilst he put the other to his mouth to help carry his voice. "We're dying men aboard and we're asking for water for the reason; and so help us Hell! if you don't make your stock of fresh water yield us a drink all round we'll board ye and take it for ourselves."

At this threat our sailors—all hands as you will believe were on deck—gathered themselves together as with a sort of instinct with a quick look round for handspikes or whatever else might be used for the purpose, one or two of them whipping off their jackets on the spot whilst I saw another roll his cuffs up and spit into his palms. There were twelve of us, all told, and some sixteen or eighteen of the schooner's company, several of them negroes, as I have said, with a few half-bloods, the rest of them American seamen.

Our own men were all on deck. "Sorry 't's out of our power to save ye. Give us no threats. We're heartily concerned, heartily concerned. But what can't be done won't be done."

With that he dismounted from the rail, motioning to the fellow at the wheel to keep the brig off awhile. I overhung the bulwarks, looking at the schooner. For my part I never for a moment dreamt that her skipper, as I told you, was a Frenchman, but in the earnest in threatening to board us, I thought; and was prepared now to see him sheer off, for our captain by dropping from the rail accepted his resolution not to help him, and besides there had been a sorrow and an honesty in his tone that had satisfied every man aboard the schooner that he had told nothing but sheer truth, cruel as it was, in speaking of our water stock. But, of a sudden, the long-legged man in the rigging, after looking idly on for a moment or two, dropped like a marble spike to the deck and sang out an order, the import of which I could not gather. The crew left the rail in a rush, some falling onto the jib halliards, some hauling down the tack of the mainsail. Their movements were full of breathless hurry, but their intentions were now apparent. No sooner had they made and trimmed sail for the manoeuvre that was to follow, than they ran about seeking objects with which to arm themselves, some whipping out iron belaying pins, others flourishing the deadlier sheath-knife, others snatching the stretchers out of the boats; the schooner meanwhile settling down upon our quarter with a gradual sheering up towards us that would bring her rubbing her sides against ours in a few minutes.

Our captain stared bewildered at the craft for a moment, then bawled to the mate: "Mr. Moody, we are without small arms. Let the men collect whatever they can fight best with. We must prevent those chaps from boarding or we're dead men. Watch where she means to throw her business and gather the lands about the place ready to resist them." So saying, he bundled in red-hot haste below and almost instantly reappeared bearing in his hand a great blunderbuss with a muzzle resembling the mouth of a bell. He bowed right aft on his rounded shanks, and sprang to the grating about the wheel, holding the weapon high in the air that all might see what he grasped the "Captain," he shouted, "we've done you no ill; we're as sorry for you as if you were ourselves and God knows we'd save you if we could, speaking our tongue as ye do and having our blood in ye. But we must stand first in this murdering business. We've got not a drop of water to spare and what we have we mean to keep; so stand by; the first man as attempts to put his foot upon this here brig I'll shoot dead."

He sprang off the grating and then stood looking on and waiting gripping his blunderbuss with both hands with the muzzle of it grinning a little beyond the rail. A roar full of defiance and despair swept from the schooner's decks in response to his words. The swift and beautiful vessel, easy as her canvas was, crept down upon us at the pace of two feet to our



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In ordering mention this publication.

one. I saw her long tapering jibboom come slowly sliding past our quarter and then, as it was no time now for mere staring only, I pulled a heavy iron pin out of the rail and joined the sailors who stood grouped along close to the main rigging. The height of the bulwarks prevented me from seeing, but I presently heard a loud shout alongside, then saw our captain take aim with his blunderbuss; but the powder merely flashed in the pan, it was the best thing that could have happened, I thought even at that moment, as I saw him bring his foot with a heavy stamp upon deck and catch up his weapon by the barrel with preliminary whirl of it round his head as he approached us. There was a short pause, a dead silence, indeed whilst we counted ten, with nothing to break it but the brook-like streaming sounds of water murmuring behind the two gliding vessels; then followed a hurricane of wild shouts. In a trice the Yankees were aboard us, tumbling pell-mell upon our men, and striking to right and left with the desperation of madmen. We were not only too few for them; their rage of thirst converted them into veritable demons. Our decks were soon as bloody as if the conflict had been an action between two men-of-war. Here and there lay a motionless figure. There were constant shouts of "show us the water! show us the water! We don't want your lives! We want the water only!"

We hit out with the others, and have a clear recollection of saving my head from a blow that might have crushed it, by letting drive at the uplitted arm with such force that the fellow let fall his handspike with a howl of suffering as he sprang at me. I dodged him and slipped, and in falling struck the back of my head against the coaming of the main hatch with a violence that stunned me. How long I lay insensible I don't know. They said afterward it would have been about twenty minutes. At all events by the time my consciousness returned, the Yankees had done their work, beaten half our men down into the forecastle, disabled most of the rest, broached our last water cask and drained it; and were now retreating to their own vessel, carrying their wounded with them. Some of our fellows were badly hurt, though none dangerously so; but their wounds were of a nature to have made our brig, without fresh water, a very hell of suffering, had it not been for our happily sighting next morning a large sail which proved to be the French sloop-of-war homeward bound, whose captain, on hearing our story, supplied us with water enough to last us for the rest of the passage. That the Marie Richmond may have met with similar good fortune I heartily hope, spite of the usage her people gave us.

The things look dim with time as I turn my eyes back, yet though nigh half a century old it will be one of the freshest of all the memories my mind preserves down to the hour of my death. To show the whole horrors of it one wants a big canvas. The Lord preserve us! I'd as soon ship with Dana again in the little Pilgrim for California!

## The Influence of the Drama.

Following is a portion of a lecture on the importance of the stage delivered recently by the English actor, Wilson Barrett, before the New York Society of Anthropology. Things one reads and hears merely spoken of or described may leave the memory and be forgotten, but it is seldom that a man forgets the effect made upon him by a great actor or a great situation in a play. His mind, eye, heart and ear have all been appealed to. And it is quite a common thing to hear a *blaze* man of the world describe with even deep emotion the effect made upon him years and years before by some powerful piece of acting or some strong situation in a drama. This must be admitted by everyone. Sermons, essays, lectures, pictures, poems, counsel, advice, may sometimes pass from the memory. A grand episode in a play, grandly delineated, never! Granting this, consider for a moment the enormous influence for good that a fine play must have upon a community. Think of the spell cast nightly upon thousands of people by fine play and players. Think of the descriptions of the beauties of the higher estimation in which art is held the less likely it is to be degraded by its professors. The drama must exist always. Let its existence be as strong and healthy as it is enduring.

Turned It Around.

Young Hopeful—Father, what is the meaning of the word "opera"?

Father—It means a work.

That's what I thought. Now, can I opera you for three dollars to buy a couple of tickets for the comic work to-night?

And here I come to another question: Is the theater, after all, merely a place of amusement? I answer, distinctly, No! I claim for it, that it should be, and generally is, the means of instruction. If I am asked what instruction is gained from some of the filmy farces and flimsy burlesques which are played at times, I answer that it is not to that class of dramatic work I am now alluding. If they are innocent of intention and execution, as they ought to be, and, indeed, generally are, they furnish harmless amusement, and that is a great deal; and there their purpose ends. But as there are books and books, pictures and pictures, so there are plays and plays. Take any moderately good play; let it be well produced, and instruction must be gained from watching its representation. And a good historical play well dressed and mounted, is in itself a lesson in history. The spectator learns something of the manners, customs, costumes and architecture of a by-gone age. Then, again, well-trained actors give in their performances nightly lessons in elocution, and instruction must be gained from watching its representation. And a good historical play well dressed and mounted, is in itself a lesson in history. The spectator learns something of the manners, customs, costumes and architecture of a by-gone age. Then, again, well-trained actors give in their performances nightly lessons in elocution, and instruction must be gained from watching its representation. And a good historical play well dressed and mounted, is in itself a lesson in history. The spectator learns something of the manners, customs, costumes and architecture of a by-gone age. Then, again, well-trained actors give in their performances nightly lessons in elocution, and instruction must be gained from watching its representation.

A merry heart goes all the day;  
Your own and one twice in a mile.

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Teacher—What is the meaning of the expression *hors du combat*?

Pupil (who reads the sporting papers)—Put to sleep.—Times.



## When Romance Was Over.

Miss Dora Dwight, on her thirtieth birthday, received the first love letter of her life—the first offer of marriage. It was handed into the dormitory of the "Physicians' Orphans' Home"—not, as may be supposed, a home for the orphaned doctors' children, but for the children of deceased medical men. Miss Dwight was matron there, and at the moment was changing the pillow-cases before the wash.

"I suppose it's about Johnny Gilroy and his swelled knee," said the servant. "Doctor Emory seems to think it was."

Miss Dwight, however, waited until the girl was gone before she opened the note. Then, not greatly to her surprise, she read the words: "MY DEAR DORA:—You have known me since you were a baby. Do you like me well enough to marry me? Of course, you and I have given up romance long ago. I have had two wives. You must be thirty-two or three."

"Just thirty," said Dora to herself; "he is sixty-nine."

"You will greatly improve your position by marrying me, and I always liked you. Please meet me in the garden after hours. I hope to find you under the willows. Yours, hopefully, B. EMORY."

It was not a love-letter calculated to flatter the heart of a woman of any age. At first she said: "I will refuse him." Then she remembered how good and kindly he was. "I will accept him," she said, "but no romance shall be in my talk with him. He shall find me like a stone. He shall have the sort of wife he wants."

It was early when the door-bell clanged, and a foot crossed the long passage, and ceasing to echo on the painted floor, struck the stones. Earlier than she had expected him, but she was ready for him under the willows in the garden.

"I am glad to find you here," said a deep, old voice. "I thought you would be sensible enough to do what I asked, but I was not quite sure—not quite. No. You have read my note carefully? Yes? Well, imagine that I say to you again what I wrote. I await your answer with anxiety."

She looked at him, and he saw that she smiled in an odd, embarrassed way.

"Will you marry me, my dear?" he added. "I see I must make it easier for you to speak."

"It was a little hard to begin," she said.

"The usual reason moves me," he said.

"I'm in love with you. I think it best to marry again, and I know no one like you—no one. I've had two wives before, I admit. However, neither of them complained of me, I believe. I have a very nice home, and, really, it will be a very much better position for you than being matron of an institution. You do it admirably, but I hate to see you here. Your father was older than I, but we were great friends. I think he would advise you to say 'yes.'"

She put her hand upon his arm.

"I am a very practical woman," she said. "If I marry you, I forfeit a good position that may be mine for life—an independent position. It is dangerous."

"My dear, you'll have half of all that is mine; and I'm not poor."

"You don't think me young, I know," she answered. "Who thinks a woman young at thirty? But you have four sons, hard business men older than I. They'll not approve of the match."

"They are not at home; it can't matter," said Dr. Emory.

"But," said Miss Dwight, with cruel distinctness, "the trouble will come when you die. You have made a mistake; you are older than poor father. If you leave me, I will, your sons will make every effort to take everything from me; I shall be left with nothing, my place gone, my habits of industry, my briskness. I make no doubt you have heard of such cases; I have."

The suitor sat—and who can marvel at it? stricken quite dumb by this speech. At last he gasped:

"You are candid."

"I am," she answered—"I am, indeed. Now is your time. You can take back your offer, Dr. Emory. Everything can be as it was before. I'll tear up your letter; I am content that all shall remain as it is."

"But, then," he answered, "I am not. After all, all you say is only true. I can face the music, I hope. My answer is this: Marry me, and I will make a will, leaving you everything, on our wedding day."

"That would be unjust," she said. "It would be a will to be contested. Leave me a home and an income." She named the sum sufficient to keep it up.

"That is moderate—sensible. And you will say 'yes,' he said. "I promise, of course, I shall make it better than that, still leaving my sons no cause for complaint; but it is not my fault that we are not more romantic."

"Let the romance come afterward, if it can," said Miss Dwight.

After this, they walked about the garden awhile, and the day of the wedding was set, leaving time to find a new matron for the establishment. Miss Dwight was certain, as domestics say, "bettering herself;" but she was not elated.

In fact, a little regret stole into her heart as she walked about the place where she had been so independent, so respected, and wondered whether she would be happy in the future.

"At least," she said with a degree of bitterness, "I matched him with his romance is out of the question between two like us. Matched him and, worse, further."

The bell tinkled in the hall just as supper-time was over that evening, and in a few moments a servant came to call Miss Dwight.

"It's a gentleman; he don't know who he wants," she said. "Some one who knows all about the place, he told me."

And Dora went into the parlor, a bare looking room, long, and with white walls, a panel carpet, a library table, a horse-hair sofa, and six chairs, and the portrait of the founder of the home over the mantel-piece. There stood under this portrait, with his elbow on the marble itself, a gentleman. Dark-eyed, dark-haired, with a face that was not so much handsome as delightful.

Writers often spend a good deal of time in discussing what it is that men see in the women whom they fall in love with—when they say:

"This is the woman for me!"

I believe the woman who meets for the first time the only man on earth to whom she would willingly give herself, has deeper experiences still.

The moment had come to Miss Dwight. She had waited thirty years for it, and now she did not know what it meant. But an unconscious smile came to her lips, a flush to her soft blue eyes, a flush to her smooth cheek. She looked prettier than she could have dreamed possible at that moment.

The stranger told his business. He had recently come from Paris, where he had been occupied in certain affairs for ten years. Meanwhile, his brother had died, having recently lost his wife. He understood, to his astonishment, that his little nephews were in the home.

"Of course, I wish to take charge of them," he said. "I am a bachelor, but I can arrange for their care. They need not live on charity."

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"Buy good things," she said. "What is the

use of getting a carpet that will fade soon, or china that chips; and silver marks a table look well. Besides, the things about a house belong to the widow—if I should be left."

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"You see I'm to be married shortly."

Once he even remonstrated, saying:

"Do you know, poor Nellie never talked like that; nor my dear Maria."

"Of course not," said Miss Dwight. "But you remarked in your offer to me that (of course) you and I had done with romance long ago."

Dr. Emory tried to laugh, but he was not happy.

That afternoon he took a long, long ride to the sea shore, and stabling his horse at the hotel walked down to the beach. "The season" was over. The caterers expected only a little chance custom. It was a day when driving clouds made it cool enough to be pleasant. There he sat down behind a big mountain of sand and watched the sea and thought of Maria, and how he used to kiss the back of her neck because the two little curls looked so cunning, and how she thought him handsome; how dear they were to each other.

How long his reverie had lasted he did not know, when merry voices sounded in his ear.

A man's tones, those of two little boys, and a woman's. Surely he knew the last speaker. He peeped from under his big Panama hat, and saw Dora. She had brought the Ellwood boys down for a holiday, at their uncle's request, and he had come also. Dr. Emory guessed who the gentleman was, for he had had the case of these boys before him, and was looking for two orphans to fill their places when they should be gone, but the presence of Mr. Ellwood gave him offence. "It is quite the air of a family party," he said.

The boys played about, dug with their little spades and filled with white sand those painted pails which all good picknickers buy at the seaside. They took off their shoes and stockings and waded along the edge of the water. The elder people seemed as happy as they, and how young! At last they sat down very near Dr. Emory with their backs to his sand burrow, and he saw a man's brown hand drop upon a little white one and hold it tight. Without showing himself he could not see their faces.

"Do you know why I asked you to come here?" said the owner of the brown hand.

"To mind the children, as Sally says," replied the owner of the white hand.

"No, to tell you something," said Brown Hand. "Darling little woman, prettiest and sweetest of all created beings, I have loved you from the first moment I met you. Do you think you would mind marrying a man who has his fortune yet to make? Could you be poor with him, and yet be happy? You see I am poor, but I adore you and I'm selfish enough to ask you to do just that for my sake, if you can try to love me."

The white hand fluttered. A soft voice trembled.

"I should not have to try it," she sobbed. "It seems to come of itself, and as for poverty, I'd rather beg with you than live without you and have millions. Oh I don't look happy, don't look happy, dear, when we both must be so miserable. I'm engaged; my wedding day is set. I thought I had outlived romance, and I promised to marry an old man who only wants a lady at the head of his house. Oh! why did you not come to me one day earlier!"

Silence fell. Dr. Emory heard them rise and go away. In a minute more a little boy rushed up to the sand mound and poked it with his spade.

"Here's a dead man," he said—"a drowned dead man."

"No; it's a tipsy man," replied Billy. "Let's pile sand on him."

This they proceeded to do, until Billy descried "uncle beckoning," and they departed on the run.

After the last train had gone cityward, an elderly gentleman took a sandwich and some ale at the hotel before getting into his gig. He emptied a great deal of sand out of his pockets, did not see the waiters, and seemed to be, the cashier said, "in a temper." It was Dr. Emory. He drove straight home, and sat down at his desk.

Thank Heaven, I can appear to have the best of her," he said, spitefully. "But the next time I propose to a woman I will not tell her that romance is out of the question."

Then he wrote:

"MISS DWIGHT:—I am an old man, but I find I have made a mistake. I have too much romance left in me to marry you. Any pecuniary recompense you desire I will offer; and, if you like, the matron's place, is again yours."

"EMORY."

Miss Dwight only noticed this note by packing her engagement ring in pink cotton and sending it back. She did not want the matron's place; and she married Mr. Ellwood very shortly.

Dr. Emory is now courting a girl of sixteen, who vows she adores him, and wishes very loudly that he were hers. He likes it.

## "O Be Tough."

A stout Englishman chanced to occupy the same seat with me, a few days ago, says a London writer, in one of the lifts, or elevators, which ply in the famous Eiffel Tower, at Paris. As the elevator mounts towards the third and highest platform, the altitude is indeed terrifying, and the wire cords which support the car seem fearfully small for the all-important task imposed upon them. Many persons, while making the ascent for the first time, are quite overcome by their sensations, and most anxiously wish that they were once more safely back upon terra firma. Something of this sort must have fallen to the experience of the florid Englishman before mentioned; for I saw the large beads of perspiration come out upon his bare forehead, although the day was by no means warm.

His eyes seemed to be riveted on the wire cables, as they played steadily over the grooved wheels, and presently I saw his lips move rapidly, as if giving utterance to some brief but oft-repeated supplication. It was, perhaps, scarcely polite to listen. He very likely thought himself the only English-speaking person present. Yet an almost breathless hush now prevailed inside the car, and I could not easily avoid overhearing what he said. I confess, too, that in spirit, at least for the moment, I most fervently joined with him in his petition. For it was nothing less than a petition addressed to those wire ropes. He was saying over and over again: "O be tough! O be tough!"

## In a Hurry.

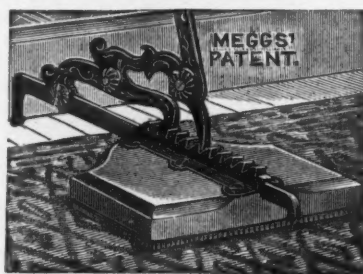
Guest—Waiter, bring me a cup of coffee.  
Waiter—How will you have it, sir; weak or strong?  
Guest—Like it weak, but not weak after next. Hurry it up."

## The Penalty of Pride.

He—And so you're really going to marry that professor! You, the heroine of a thousand engagements! How did you ever come to accept him?  
His Cousin (from Boston)—Why, you see, he proposed in Greek, and when I refused him I got mixed on my negatives and—Mehercule!—accepted him, and now I'm too proud to acknowledge my blunder. Oh, I'm his for life!—Life.

## What It Cost.

At a leading restaurant on Saturday.  
Waiter—What will you have, sir?  
Guest—Dinner—is it a la carte or table d'hôte?  
Waiter—Yes, sir, fifty cents.



## CARPET STRETCHER.

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Then he clasped her with emotion, drew the maiden to his breast. Whispered vows of true devotion. The old, old tale, you know the rest. From his circling arms upspringing. With a tear she turned away. And her voice with sorrow ringing. "I shall not see my bridal day."

This dramatic speech broke him up badly; but when she explained that her apprehensions were founded on the fact of an inherited predisposition to consumption in her family he calmed her fears, bought a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for her, and she is now the incarnation of health. Consumption fastens its hold upon its victims while they are unconscious of its approach. The "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured thousands of cases of this most fatal of maladies. But it must be taken before the disease is too far advanced in order to be effective. If taken in time, and given a fair trial, it will cure, or money paid for it will be refunded.

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## The Pride of Wealth.

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A man's tones, those of two little boys, and a woman's. Surely he knew the last speaker. He peeped from under his big Panama hat, and saw Dora. She had brought the Ellwood boys down for a holiday, at their uncle's request, and he had come also. Dr. Emory guessed who the gentleman was, for he had had the case of these boys before him, and was looking for two orphans to fill their places when they should be gone, but the presence of Mr. Ellwood gave him offence. "It is quite the air of a family party," he said.

The boys played about, dug with their little spades and filled with white sand those painted pails which all good picknickers buy at the seaside. They took off their shoes and stockings and waded along the edge of the water. The elder people seemed as happy as they, and how young! At last they sat down very near Dr. Emory with their backs to his sand burrow, and he saw a man's brown hand drop upon a little white one and hold it tight. Without showing himself he could not see their faces.

"Do you know why I asked you to come here?" said the owner of the brown hand.

"To mind the children, as Sally says," replied the owner of the white hand.

"No, to tell you something," said Brown Hand. "Darling little woman, prettiest and sweetest of all created beings, I have loved you from the first moment I met you. Do you think you would mind marrying a man who has his fortune yet to make? Could you be poor with him, and yet be happy? You see I am poor, but I adore you and I'm selfish enough to ask you to do just that for my sake, if you can try to love me."

The white hand fluttered. A soft voice trembled.

"I should not have to try it," she sobbed. "It seems to come of itself, and as for poverty, I'd rather beg with you than live without you and have millions. Oh I don't look happy, don't look happy, dear, when we both must be so miserable. I'm engaged; my wedding day is set. I thought I had outlived romance, and I promised to marry an old man who only wants a lady at the head of his house. Oh! why did you not come to me one day earlier!"

Silence fell. Dr. Emory heard them rise and go away. In a minute more a little boy rushed up to the sand mound and poked it with his spade.

"Here's a dead man," he said—"a drowned dead man."

"No; it's a tipsy man," replied Billy. "Let's pile sand on him."

This they proceeded to do, until Billy descried "uncle beckoning," and they departed on the run.

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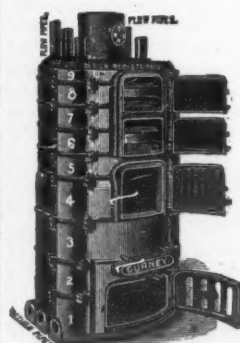
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## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD Editor.

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## Thanks Friends!

From all quarters come flowing in marked copies of papers containing notices complimentary to SATURDAY NIGHT's holiday number. Although unable to give space to these flattering remarks of contemporaries SATURDAY NIGHT is none the less grateful for these kindnesses and begs to return thanks. The general tenor of these notices indicates that the excellence and beauty of SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS number both in literary matter, illustration and typographical appearance have created a favorable impression throughout the country. When it is considered that SATURDAY NIGHT has been but two years in existence its publishers have just cause for pride in the fact that they have issued a holiday paper which in every feature rivals all other Canadian Christmas publications, and is in some respects superior. They have furnished an excellent menu of light and readable literature, appropriate to the season, and original throughout. In illustration they have at a bound leaped into genuine Canadian artistic work. Instead of giving process engravings of French and English paintings from the Salon, the Royal Academy, or photographs of Canadian scenery, and so forth, they have reproduced Canadian paintings full of life and action, and employed Canadian artists to make spirited and characteristic, original drawings for their paper exclusively. These features make the Christmas number of SATURDAY NIGHT more expensive in production than its rivals, yet the price has been made less burdensome, and it is unexcelled as a unique and delightful souvenir of the season of mirth and good cheer.

## Criminal Labor.

A convention of those interested in prison reform has recently been in session in Toronto, and it must be confessed that the questions discussed are of exceeding importance. There has never been any doubt that youthful offenders and those for the first time within prison walls, should not be herded with professional criminals or be associated with the hopelessly debased. It is quite certain that we have no right to treat lunatics as criminals unless they have committed crime. I think there is a genuine endeavor in the counties throughout Canada to make provision for the grading of offenders and making the jail more of a reformatory than a moral pest house, but there is a great question for which a solution has not been found, though I think a very simple one offers and I take the liberty of repeating theories which I advanced some years ago. The question of employing convicts has always been a difficult one because indoor and mechanical labor is in direct competition with and must necessarily reduce the price paid to honest artisans. The government of Canada is always engaged in large public works for the benefit of the whole country and there are many of such enterprises which would be undertaken were it not for the vast expense involved. Now, it could not conflict with free labor if convicts were employed at such tasks. It would manifestly benefit Ontario if a ship canal connected our lake with the St. Lawrence and the ocean. We have convicts enough in Canada to build it within a few years if all those sentenced to a long term were employed upon it. Our Central Prison and Penitentiary alone could supply five hundred able-bodied men; the penitentiaries in the other Provinces would double this number. These men have to be supported at all events; they have to be watched; in idleness the majority of them are becoming more degraded than they were when they entered. Physically, confinement demoralizes them. It would be a crying shame to employ convicts in public places where thousands of passers-by would identify faces, because when released the convict would be a marked man. The fact that he had been seen working in a chain gang would make redemption almost hopeless. The only districts through which canals are being built, or are likely to be built, are such that this argument could not be used against the scheme. I have never seen any good reason given why convicts are not so employed. It would be a punishment which they would all dread, and yet it would not be so demoralizing as the present plan. Every night the men could be placed in the convictship and removed from opportunities to escape; in day time they could be watched by guards directed by a foreman. It is useless to urge any maudlin sympathy for the poor wretches; their lives would be wholesomer and happier, their terms of imprisonment would wear away much more quickly and they would be doing some good for the country instead of eating in idleness the bread for which honest men have had to toil. In considering this question it must be borne in mind that I only urge the employment of convicts on such public works as would not otherwise be undertaken, though they would be for the good of the country. In this way they would not come in competition with honest labor. But even if it did displace a certain number of laborers, even a criminal has a right to toil with his hands, while the community has no right to teach a trade to the convict whereby he will come in competition with men who have served a long apprenticeship at their own expense and rely upon the public for their livelihood. I do not think trade unions would object at all to

such a solution of the problem, for, of necessity, a certain amount of free labor would have to be employed more than compensating the laboring class for the small element of convict competition as navvies and quarrymen.—Don.



On Thursday evening I heard the Balmoral Choir of Glasgow, who came here with considerable advance trumpeting, and showed itself to be a very efficient double quartette, but not much more than that. Part of what was originally organized by Lambeth, a man who was at one time the life of musical Glasgow, it could hardly fail to be good, but of its extreme and superabundant excellence, claimed for it in its own announcements, rather than in the press notices it had received, I saw rather little. Individually the voices were poorly trained, but collectively their discipline was a model. Never a single aberration from the pitch in unaccompanied singing, and never the slightest discrepancy in time. For these gifts alone they deserve unstinted praise, as well as for the unwavering attention to their conductor, Mr. Bruce. But of elegance of phrasing and shading there was less than I should have expected; on the contrary, the phrasing was jerky and disconnected to a degree, leisurely breath-taking being evidently a desideratum. Still, they gave us some delightful Scotch part songs, and that without parsimony. Their repertoire was apparently inexhaustible, for encores were responded to as if the only pleasure in life for the choir was to sing one more song.

This made a long evening to those who were not of the heather. Sons of the Land o' Cakes, however, fairly revelled in the feast of Scottish song, and in the skirling of Piper Munro, who enlivened the opening and intermission with his weird pipes. Some one once suggested that it was a grand thing to collect 'a' piper in ane large place, and then—kill them! It would have been cruel, but the wild untutored Sassenach might easily be persuaded to sympathize with such a move. Seriously, Mr. Munro carried off no small share of the honors of Thursday evening. Miss Ross, the contralto, and Mr. Kerr, the tenor of the choir, as well as Mr. Young, the baritone, showed fine voices in their solos, but rather lacked proper training, their singing having a strong flavor of the amateur. Mr. R. J. Patrick's recitations were very enjoyable, and were heartily applauded by the large audience.

I have been honored with a copy of Luby's Grand March (who Luby was or why he should have a grand march I despair of knowing, unless it was the gentleman who discovered a Hair Restorer—perhaps this is the reason the march was sent to me!) by Eloise A. Skimings. To paraphrase Touchstone in As You Like It, I could say, "I'll write you so, eight years together, dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted." It has a dramatic silence of two bars, an aggressive A flat that will not down when it should, and a trio without change of key.—N. S.

Mr. Carl Martens' Soiree Musicale takes place on Monday evening, at which he will present several novelties in chamber music, including a quartette for cellists.

I regret to say that Mrs. Agnes Thomson was laid up on Sunday last with a severe sore throat, which developed to such an extent that on Tuesday afternoon she was unable to sing at the New England Conservatory at Boston as had been announced. This is the first time that Mrs. Thomson ever disappointed an audience.

The Vocal Society has engaged, for its concert on January 16, Mlle. Etelka Utassy, a young pianist, pupil of Letschetsky, who made quite an impression on New Yorkers, at her concert on November 26.

On Monday evening the wonderful boy prodigy, Otto Hegner, will play at the Academy of Music, assisted by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and Mrs. Pemberton Hincks. The little fellow will play The Waldstein Sonata, Mendelssohn's Ronda Capriccio, the Wagner Lullaby, Spinning Song and Rubinstein's Valse Caprice. METRONOME.

## A Tramp Scheme.

"Oh tut! That's a tramp scheme."  
"Tramp scheme? What the deuce do you mean by a tramp scheme?"  
"Oh, it won't work."—The Jury.

## Woman's Ignorance.

Mrs. Inker (to her husband)—Oh, Charles! Where is this from? The paper says somebody recalls that immortal mariner who was—  
"A cook and a cabin boy.  
And a b's'n tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig."  
Mr. T. H. Inker—What a question! Why, from The Ancient Mariner, to be sure. It is wonderful how you women manage to preserve your ignorance, even after you marry men of brains!

## What the Editor Read.

"After wandering about for a long time in the lonely park, Olympe entered the castle of his ancestors. There, too, he was oppressed by the solitude which reigned around. Worn out with fatigue and emotion, he looked round in vain for a seat on which to rest his troubled brain!"

## The Wrong Party.

The other night Charlie Hutton repaired, after working hours, to the State street store he is employed in, and rang up his best girl on Ashland boulevard. The connection was made, and the young man inquired:  
"Is that you, Maud?"  
"Yes, George, dear," came the reply.  
"Are you alone?"  
"Yes, darling."  
"I wish I was over there."  
"I wish so, too."  
"If I were there, do you know what I would do with my darling?"  
"Well, I'd unbuckle the crupper and throw some dirt in her mouth."  
"Oh! you brute," cried Maud, and they never speak as they pass by, for George didn't know that a line had crossed his, and a horse-man was just telling another over the wire how to start a balky horse.

## The Drama.

There has been a good deal of Shakespearean comedy in the wind lately. While yet retaining the pleasurable impressions of the capricious, fascinating Rosalind and the fond Viola of Julia Marlowe, we were treated to another languishing Viola in a brilliant setting by Marie Wainwright, and this week we have Rhea at the Grand, to recall pleasant memories of Beatrice in Much Ado About Nothing, the character in which she appeared last season. Truly the fragrance of old comedy is in the air and would there were more of it. It is a perennial flower with sweet smelling leaves ever filled with the sap of life and with perennial dewdrops lying at the base of its petals, to those who possess what Macaulay calls "that noble faculty, whereby man is able to live in the past and in the future, in the distant and in the unreal." To those to whom the present alone is life, it is but a weed. They must have something fresh, abreast of the times, and they never fail to get it in all grades of quality. Marie Wainwright's presentation of Twelfth Night, at the Academy of Music last week, was more marked for the splendor of its scenic arrangements than any unusual brilliance of acting, outside of Miss Wainwright herself. The traditions of Shakespearean drama, with regard to stage settings, have suffered largely of late years. Instead of the simplicity of scenery, which was akin to the barrenness of the Bard's own time, there have been the magnificent revivals of Macbeth by Irving and by Langtry; the Richard III of Mansfield and the dazzling splendors of Mrs. Potter's Cleopatra, from the effects of which New York has scarcely yet recovered. While these magnificent settings are approved of by the best critics as enhancing immeasurably the illusion of the play it yet remains to be discovered that mechanical effects, however splendid, can take the place of histrionism. Miss Wainwright's Viola was an animated and pleasing performance. The Malvolio of Mr. Barton Hill was a finished piece of work and combined with the excellent Sir Toby of Mr. Wm. F. Owen and the Sir Andrew of Mr. Percy Brooke produced much merriment.

Mlle Rhea presented her new play, Josephine, Empress of the French, at the Grand Opera House the first half of this week. This play reproduces a section of French history at a time when the eyes of the world were centered on France, and when the central figure in this great scene was Napoleon Bonaparte. It was a stirring and romantic period in French history—such a period as gives birth to great works of literature and of art. The wild ambition of Bonaparte was soaring beyond the idea of merely sitting on an imperial throne. He would found a line of kings. To this end he would dissolve his childless marriage, divorce his loved wife, Josephine, and espouse another; and it is this story of divorce and devotion that the dramatist has selected out of the many stirring adventures of that historical conjuncture. The play is very heavy and rather lugubrious throughout. The formalities of the court seem to be omnipresent and to make the auditor feel as if he were attending a first class funeral. The gloomy spirit of the Man of Destiny hangs over it like a pall, and the writer seemed never to get away from the idea of the solemnity of state ceremony. This may have been historically accurate—Napoleon's jokes, we know, were of the grimmest kind—but the drama would not suffer had the writer's knowledge of *chiaroscuro* been a little more pronounced. The interest of the play rests largely on its historic basis, but it does not appeal much to popular taste.

What does appeal to popular taste, however, is the beauty of the star and the magnificence of her wardrobe. Those were the palmy days of the Empire and the Directoire, the fashions of which periods "the whirligig of time" has brought into vogue at the present day. Mlle. Rhea is thus able to be in the fashion of the play and also in the fashion of the day and displays her shapely form in the long clinging draperies which form what the artist would call Grecian outlines, but which to the ordinary man present a beautiful but bewildering and indescribable panorama. Mlle. Rhea is surrounded by a company of clever men and women all of whom take their parts well enough to carry the action along without a halt and some of whom do this and much more. Rhea's emotional work in this role was done with the skill of an artist and her French accent seems to rest more fittingly on her in it than if she impersonated an English character. The Napoleon of Mr. Wm. Harris was an admirable representation both in acting and make up, and the Talleyrand of Mr. J. M. Francoeur in full of the craft and cunning and impenetrable composure with which history credits the first of diplomatists.

Captain Swift has been the play at the Academy of Music this week. Mr. Arthur Forrest is the star although Miss Rose Eyttinge aspired to a division of the stellar honors. But that is all over now and last night Miss Eyttinge's services with Mr. Forrest came to an end. The pros and cons of the matter have been thoroughly discussed in the daily papers so that further comment here is unnecessary. The green-eyed monster was at the bottom of it. The play of Captain Swift deals with an Australian bushranger who, after having stolen a large sum of money in that country, returns to England where he accidentally finds his mother and falls in love with her niece and ward. The effects of love and the home life with which he is surrounded are to bring out the dormant good qualities in his nature and he resolves to change his ways. But the detectives have discovered his whereabouts and being brought to bay he commits suicide. This, with the complementary incident of the faithfulness of an Australian whom he once robbed, but who on account of being in love with his half sister and, other reasons, assists him several times to escape, is the simple story of Captain Swift. It is the old, old story, of Honesty Is the Best Policy, not very closely disguised. But it grants the villain a weakness which gains our sympathy and covers him with a glamour of romance till he outshines the hero. Mr. Forrest has a good company. The clever work of Miss Grace Kimball and Miss Beverley Sitgreaves and Mr.

Wright Huntingdon was much appreciated. Mr. Forrest will need an accomplished actress to replace Miss Eyttinge.

The Blue and the Gray is one of the best plays that has come to the Toronto Opera House for some time. As the title suggests, it is an American war drama, of a somewhat sensational type. Though it is hardly to be placed on the same plane with Bronson Howard's Shenandoah and other plays of the American civil war, which are stirring the pulses of our Yankee cousins at present, it still contains many of the elements to popularize it with American audiences and enough of human interest to make it draw here. It is put on with several well painted scenes and all the paraphernalia of war, guns, flags, tents, etc. The realism is assisted by the introduction of a number of wolfhounds, and lastly, the company contains some players of more than average ability. Strangely enough the comedy portions are better represented than the heroic. Mr. J. W. McAndrews as Uncle Josh, is one of the best old negroes that has been seen here for many a day. Mr. W. J. Thompson as Sergeant Fitz Beeker, a German volunteer, and Mr. Sam Erwin Ryan as Dennis Fagan, are head and shoulders above the average German and Irish comedians of the passing show. The leading roles are very creditably taken by Mr. W. H. Murdoch and Miss Margaret Pierce. Mrs. Chas. A. Peters, sister of Mrs. Morrison, who formerly managed the Grand Opera House here, plays a part in the Blue and the Gray. Both she and her sister began their theatrical careers at the old Royal Opera House on King street.

Manager Sheppard desires to announce the engagement of Mr. Duncan B. Harrison and his excellent company at the Grand Opera House, commencing Monday evening, December 16. The Paymaster is a comedy drama on the military order, and is highly spoken of. The scenery and mechanical effects are said to be unusually fine. The Philadelphia Mercury says: "The Paymaster made good the claim to be entitled to rank among the dramatic successes of the season. It is a strong and powerful play, abounding in telling situations and it held the interest of the crowded house from beginning to end. Mr. Duncan B. Harrison, in the part of O'Connor, has a role admirably suited to him. He is tall, of fine physique, and a handsome and expressive face. His acting is very graceful, natural and unaffected, and he established for himself a place in the regard of Philadelphia playgoers. The remainder of the cast was excellent throughout."

Next week at the Toronto Opera House the Vaidis Sisters' Company will appear in a variety entertainment which is a full of good things. The performance of these clever ladies on the revolving trapeze when here last year will not be forgotten by those who saw them. Of the whole company the Montreal Herald says: "It is made up of artists who have evidently given such attention to their respective parts that each one has succeeded in winning a name which is worthy of belonging to the Vaidis Sisters' company. It is so evenly balanced that every one who attends must find an act which cannot fail to please. There is sentiment, mimicry, fun, acts of daring, tests of strength and many other features, which are so well combined and arranged by Mr. J. D. Hopkins, that there is nothing to wish for if the spectator is satisfied with a first-class entertainment."

I had a very pleasant chat with Mr. Paulton while he was here with the Duff Opera Company. Mr. Paulton was full of plans for the future, and detailed them to me without hesitation.

"How do you like comic opera, Mr. Paulton?" I asked him.  
"Well," he replied, "I do not like it at all, and I do not intend to stay in it a day longer than I can help. I took to comic opera simply because it was the rage, and one must keep in the swim, but I have had enough of it now. My objection to comic opera is that, just when you should be developing your character, you have to stop for some music, or else introduce some piece of buffoonery, and after all, it is not art."

"What do you propose doing when you leave opera work then?" was my next question.  
"I shall bring round a company of my own to play comedies, as soon as the present season is over, and I intend to cater well for the public. I do not mean to travel on my own name, but simply on the merits of my piece and my company, which will be the best that can be procured. We shall pay the very greatest attention to details: even our stage *bric-a-brac* we shall bring with us, so that every audience will see the play produced just as it would be in London or New York."

"There's another thing that I'd like to tell you," went on Mr. Paulton, "and that is about the lighting of a theater. I have quite a craze in that direction. I don't agree at all with lowering the lights in the auditorium, unless the scene presented at the time absolutely requires it. It seems to cut off the audience from the performers, and I am sure that, if you plunge an audience into gloom, it has a materially depressing effect upon them, while, on the other hand, if they are surrounded by a blaze of light, they will feel in good spirits and be able to enjoy themselves, directly. I shall bring with me my own lighting arrangements next season," he continued, "for I think it is a shame to see so many nice theaters spoilt by being badly lighted."

"What do you think of Toronto?" I inquired.  
"It seems to me a downright business place. I have been very kindly treated here, and in fact I look upon Toronto as one of my strongholds."

"What shall you play when you come here?" I asked.  
"Well," he said, "I am rather in favor of traveling with a repertoire. We have several good pieces on hand, together with some plays of my own."  
This concluded our conversation, and with a hearty good-bye, Mr. Paulton made the best of his way to the theater.

## At the Art Exhibition.

Jaguers—This is a good picture. What is it in the catalogue?  
Simplex—A Head, No. 12.  
Jaguers—Oh, not a bit like a number twelve head. The artist is a bad draughtsman.



## The Pastor's Farewell.

(An incident that occurred during Henry Ward Beecher's last Sunday evening in the church where he had preached many times.)

The sermon was o'er—the prayer—the song—  
And dimmed was the mellow light;  
With Summer at heart, the homeward throng  
Went out in the Winter night.  
But the pastor stayed, at his tired heart's choice,  
To list to the chanted word;  
For the organ loft and the human voice  
Still sung to the pastor's Lord.  
The sweet tones brought to his wearied heart  
Their mingled smiles and tears;  
And he felt that night full loth to part  
From the shrine of forty years.  
The scene of a thousand wondrous hours  
He saw as he gazed around;  
The vase of affection's faithful flowers—  
The blood of a life-ground.  
'Twas here he had preached with tones of love,  
Or the clarion call of strife,  
Of God within, as well as above;  
And sweetened the bread of life.  
And here, with gesture of brave command,  
And tenderly beaming face,  
He reached to the world a thrilling hand,  
And fought for the human race.  
'Twas here, with a strength by anguish bought,  
And a love that never slept,  
He rocked the cradle of new-born thought,  
While the century smiled and wept.  
He saw the thousands that o'er this track  
Had walked to the country of day;  
And now they seemed to be reaching back,  
And beckoning him away.  
But ere long time's h's soul had been  
By old memories stirred,  
Two byns from the street came wandering in,  
To list to the chanted word.  
Two young, fresh hearts, with a goodly sum  
Of innocence' saving heaven,  
Like such it is said ours must become  
Before we can enter heaven.  
They heard in silence, with face upturned,  
And tremulous, deep surprise,  
And all the fire of the music burned  
Within their youthful eyes!  
There crept to the old man's eyes a mist;  
And down the pulpit stair  
He gently came, and tenderly kissed  
The children lingering there;  
And o'er their shoulders his arms he threw,  
This king with the crown of gray;  
And finally, like three comrades true,  
Together they walked away.  
And two went out in the Winter night,  
Their earth-toll just begun;  
The other, forth to eternal light—  
His work for the planet done.

WILL CARLTON.

## The Ubiquitous Degree.

For Saturday Night.  
He was very able bodied and as tall as one should be  
To be strictly in proportion—just exactly six foot three.  
He had traveled very widely and had read a book or two,  
And he talked in Greek and Russian and conversed in Timbuctoo;  
He was quite at home in German, French and Dutch and Hebrew too,  
And could chatter Hindostanee like a native cookstove;  
But the poor misguided beggar, after finishing at school,  
Had decided in his wisdom that he would not, like a fool,  
Dispense each year at Oxford some four hundred pounds or more,  
When the said small yearly pittance, being multiplied by four,  
Would enable him in comfort half creation to explore.  
So he traveled very gently the four quarters of the sphere,  
And he studied men and manners till at last he drifted here;  
And he thought he knew a few things that would earn him  
£ s. d.  
When he landed in Toronto minus money and degree,  
As he took the morning paper, he half-muttered, "What the deuce  
Knows this Light of Legal Learning of the cooking of a goose!"  
For a six-line contribution of a kitchen receipt  
Bore the signature imposing—"George le Normant, LL. B."  
Then he read another letter on the sewage in the bay,  
And he wondered why the writer should proclaim himself  
B. A.;  
And a further correspondent though it right to tack it on  
To the tail-end of a missive on the straightening of the Don.  
Then he said, this simple Saxon: "Well, this beats all things that be!"  
If succeeding in Toronto means possessing a degree,  
In the name of all that's sapient, what will happen unto me?"  
Swift he thought and softly chuckled: "I will dub myself  
B. A.;  
If they question my credentials—guess 'twill be enough to say—  
'If you doubt I'm Able-Bodied, come, I'll chuck you in the bay!'"

## An Inner Meaning.

There has come to my mind a legend, a thing I had half forgot,  
And whether I read it or dreamt it, ah, well it matters not.  
It is said that in heaven, at twilight, a great bell softly swings,  
And man may listen and harken to the wondrous music that rings,  
If he puts from his heart's inner chamber all the passion,  
Pain and strife,  
Heartache and weary longing that throbs in the pulses of life—  
If thrust from his soul all hatred, all thoughts of wicked things,  
He can hear in the holy twilight how the bell of the angels rings.  
And I think there lies in this legend, if we open our eyes to see,  
Somewhat of an inner meaning, my friend, to you and me.  
Let us look in our hearts and question, can pure hearts enter in  
To a soul if it be already the dwelling of thoughts of sin  
So then, let us ponder a little—let us look in our hearts and see  
If the twilight bell of the angels could ring for us—you and me.

## An Appeal to Stanley.

Intrepid Stanley! Cease to roam  
And bring your gray hairs safely home.  
We're very much obliged to you  
For proving the Obsequiality  
Flows from the Goshawkish land  
Of Warrata's bloody hand,  
And that the roaring Ahikassoo  
Flows clear across and half way back.  
We thought late Ulukhuoosies  
Was larger than it seemed to be.  
But you have made these things as clear  
As though we had them all right here;  
So there just let the matter stand,  
And cease to live on hope and sand.  
You've come quite well for a beginner,  
Come home and eat a Christmas dinner.  
—Chicago Herald



## Noted People.

Miss Agnes Longfellow, a daughter of the celebrated poet, is a skilled photographer.

James Whitcomb Riley, the bachelor poet, is in receipt constantly of letters from women who want to marry him.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage has secured a corner-stone for his new Brooklyn church from Mrs. Hill, from whose top he recently preached to the Athenians.

Mrs. Lynn Linton, the novelist and writer for the magazines, also finds time for much journalistic work. Mrs. Linton is the avowed enemy of women's rights, and writes scathing articles against it.

When Dom Pedro of Brazil lay sick unto death in Italy, not very long ago, he told his nurse one morning that he had a dream. "An old man came to me," said Dom Pedro, "and in a most earnest way informed me that I should lose my crown before I lost my life."

The marriage of the Prince of Monaco to the Dowager Duchess de Richelieu, in Paris, was witnessed by only ten persons, relatives of the family, deep mourning being given as the reason for the lack of display. The Duchess is the daughter of the banker Heine, who was first cousin to Heine the poet.

Emile Zola, who has become fabulously wealthy for an author, even in these flush days of authorship, was extremely poor upon starting out and before he secured a place in Hachette's book concern. While writing his first romances he was often reduced to bread and water, and playfully remarks that he was compelled "to play Arab," or to stay in bed night and day because he had no clothes.

King George of Greece in an inveterate walker, and is a familiar figure on the streets of Athens. The Athenians salute him politely as they meet or pass him, but make no other demonstration, and he simply raises his low felt hat. Queen Olga, whose unwearied efforts on behalf of the poor, the sick and helpless have made her subjects worship her, is equally simple in her ways.

Dr. Schliemann evidently met the right woman in his wife. She is thirty years younger than he, a Grecian by birth, and said to be one of the most beautiful women in Athens. She is the mistress of several languages, a scientist and knows her Homer word for word. She works side by side with her husband during his researches, and he relies greatly upon her archaeological knowledge.

Henri de Villemessant was notorious for his bad handwriting. On one occasion some "copy" of his was handed to a newly engaged compositor in the *Figaro* office, who did not know the peculiarity of the *Redacteur en chef*. "Great snakes!" he exclaimed. "If Belshazzar had seen this writing on the wall, he would have been more frightened than he was." True, Villemessant wrote with both hands.

In the basement of the White House Mrs. Harrison has found two old mahogany cabinets which were used in the executive mansion when it was first built. The cabinets are of Dutch manufacture and were imported from England. Mrs. Harrison, who is a lover of antique furniture, is delighted with her discovery, and will restore the cabinets to their former place in the White House parlors.

Tom Reed, who has just been made Speaker of the United States Congress, is a peculiar looking man, with the stamp of the backwoods upon his outfit and the simple look of a school-boy in his round face. He is bulky in figure and deliberate in speech, but what he says contains sense, and when he is rolling off humorous sentences in his slow, cautious way, the listener forgets his bulk and enjoys his rhetoric.

Mrs. Emily Crawford, the famous Anglo-Parisian journalist, is one of the best known people in Paris, and probably no one has a better social position or knows more of the ins and outs of French society. She is a great social favorite, and a wonderfully brilliant conversationalist. She is of Irish extraction, which probably accounts for her ready wit and vivacious humor. She is no longer young, having commenced her journalistic career in Paris some thirty years ago.

Madame Albani has become a favorite of Queen Victoria's. Albani has a house at Braemar where she always spends August and September. While there she is often invited to Balmoral, and is visited in turn by her Majesty. She says the Queen likes the old Italian music best and Scotch songs, such as Robin Adair, Princess Beatrice, who is an excellent pianist, often plays the accompaniment for the Canadian songstress. The clear air of Scotland, she says, has an improving effect on her voice.

Gustave Dore, the celebrated painter, was a man of medium size, but with the head of a poet and the frame of an athlete. Although he was very rich, he was one of the worst dressed men in Paris. He was so devoted to his art that, even in company, when not napping and fiddling, he was making sketches. He was a true Frenchman, and although decorated with more foreign orders than any of his contemporaries, no triumph abroad gave him half as much pleasure as the smallest success won in Paris.

Prince Oscar Bernadotte has been living a very quiet and retired life since his romantic marriage with Miss Edda Munk, which was celebrated at Bournemouth a year or two ago. But at his castle by the sea, Karlskrona, he is busy all the day with the pursuits of a private gentleman and the occupations of a sailor prince. The other day he emulated another Northern prince, Great Peter of Russia, in valiantly rescuing a number of drowning fellow-creatures from a watery grave. He saw from his window that a sailing boat, containing four men, was upset in a furious gale, ran down at once, and, together with a fisherman of the neighborhood, rowed through the wild waves and succeeded in rescuing three of the shipwrecked men.

By the way, it is a curious thing, says N. Y. *Truth*, that although both Kennan and Stanley have arrived at fame through their pens neither of these gentlemen is in any way gifted in letters. David Livingstone in addition to being a completely heroic spirit and a man of excellent and contemplative observation, was

possessed of high literary gifts. His friend and successor in African exploration, however, while of undoubted courage and tact in handling barbarous peoples has never shown any remarkable talent for writing. Neither he nor George Kennan has displayed in their descriptive articles any degree of talent which could not be surpassed by the clever men on the *Sun* or *World*. It is the new knowledge which is the thing that has made the reputation of these two travelers, not the ability to present it in pen pictures. We have half a dozen newspaper men in New York who can put Kennan and Stanley in the waste basket so far as actual literary talent goes. But the trouble with them is that they stay at home and write of matters that are tiresome by their familiarity. Travel's the thing now-a-days.

## Varsity Chat.

Professor Ashley was compelled to hold his seminar at one o'clock on Thursday this week, instead of the ordinary lecture at that hour.

Unnumbered societies are unable longer to find afternoon accommodation in Y.M.C.A. hall. The philosophical society of '91 met on Wednesday at 10 a.m. Mr. Phillips contributed a paper entitled, *The Motive Principles of Ancient Philosophy*. Mr. Rothwell opened the discussion on the same.

The noble curator of the Literary Society has issued a manifesto. Attacks in the society on the house committee's management of the reading-room have put these gentlemen on the defensive. Hence the manifesto. With the impetuosity of conscious righteousness and official inviolability the curator has breathed forth pen lightning and paper thunder, mostly thunder. From this time forth and forever more no meetings are to be held in the reading-room, mutilators will be mutilated and the majesty of the by-law upheld generally. Past offenders will do well to beware. They may feel grateful indeed that the weapon wielded against them is not the sword.

Dr. Pike's lecture room in the School of Science was utilized for this week's meeting of the Natural Science Association on Thursday. The principal feature of the programme was a paper by Mr. A. H. Nichol, '90, on *The Colors of Flowers*.

The unexpectedly fine weather of Monday brought out a number of ardent baseballists on the campus. Like the bears in the books they had not been dead but sleeping. Many a high fly claved the air in the direction of Mr. Proctor, but as that gentleman is not forty feet high he failed to capture the ball.

The class of '90 takes tea with the president this afternoon.

Regarding the basis on which the Lansdowne medals, gold and silver, were awarded, there was some uncertainty last year. This has been removed by a notice of the registrar from which it appears that in each year the medal will be awarded to that candidate who, having obtained first class honors in one department and first or second class in another, shall reach the highest aggregate percentage in the two departments. Only two courses are to be considered.

Librarian VanderSmitten announces that he is prepared up to December 18, to receive orders for books to be imported from England, France and Germany. This system, established last year, by which books are obtained at reduced rates, appears to be working satisfactorily and is a great boon to students proverbially poor.

Secretary H. C. Pope assures the Rugby men that no bashfulness need be felt in approaching the treasurer, as the annual fee of one dollar will in no case be declined.

Mr. W. A. Bradley, B.A., '83, who has spent the past year in the North-West, has returned to his old haunts in Knox. It is a pleasant thing to see again and shake hands with so pleasant a fellow.

Mr. Tom Kelso, '90, has been elected Muffin.

The large sale which our song book met with was a most pleasant surprise to the compilation committee. I understand the eighth thousand is now in circulation, an evidence of the genuine popularity of the book. This is eminently satisfactory to all concerned and especially to the Glee Club which draws a royalty on each edition. The last set is now in the hands of Mr. Secretary Duncan Donald from whom students may obtain copies on favorable terms.

Last Friday evening, '92 gathered at Harry Webb's for the annual class dinner. It was, of course, a great success. Mr. R. Knox, the new president, occupied the chair. Of graduates representing their respective classes, there were present, Mr. J. J. Hughes, '87, the well-remembered Joey Huth of Bridget Dunnowho renown, and Mr. F. C. Snider, '83.

Not satisfied with the marked success of their dinner '91 held a minor social entertainment Tuesday evening in Y.M.C.A. hall. The programme was quite informal but of an enjoyable character and well received. The fate of the refreshments, I need scarcely relate. I believe '90 are contemplating something of a similar nature. The intentions of the committee have not yet been made public.

## NEMO.

## Church Talks.

Seated in St. Michael's, one Sunday evening, I watched with interest the progress of the service.

It was all strange to me, and I noted the degrees of earnestness in which the various customs were complied with.

Some with bowed heads, appeared to enter body and soul into the petition offered, and one young girl with a pretty head of hair arranged the stray wilful tresses, while she knelt in seeming prayer.

The cathedral was dim, and the voices of priest and people reached me as if from far away.

I glanced up, and seeing the vaulted roof blue in color, glittering with gilded stars, I tried to

fancy that it was in Nature's own cathedral that the large company had gathered for vespers. But one quickly realizes the absence of Nature and the presence of art, and, would we enjoy our surroundings, we must, even in church worship, accept the pleasing and reject the distasteful, remembering that in all this wide world, opinions, tastes, likes and dislikes, are as various and diverse as the individuals who live here.

The music was grand—powerfully rendered, solemn and artistic, while a solo, in a marvellously pleasing voice, held me in rapt attention until the last sweet note died away, and even then, "The music in my soul I bore, long after it was heard no more."

## How Poems Grow Into Volumes.

The volumes of verse which we most like to remember are those which never intended to be volumes when they began. A man or woman somewhere and sometime said: "I am happy to-day; I have met a good friend. Joy is singing in my heart." That song was a poem of friendship. And a week, or month, or year after a lark singing, or the flash of tender eyes, or a mountain at sunrise set more music a-going, and there were more poems which gentle people everywhere liked to read and think of, because they expressed emotions which only gentle people feel. By-and-bye these graceful fancies began to recognize each other in their flight from hill to valley, from cottage to mansion; and they flocked together and twittered under the eaves and around huge chimneys in pleasant homes. One day when they were quite a party, they all flew home together. And the sensitive singer was quite surprised to see his fancies flocking back, but he took them all in at the windows and sheltered them, and after that when they went on long flights they were always in company and bore the name of the singer on their wings.—N. Y. *Life*.

Mr. J. H. Ryley tells a good story against himself in connection with his last engagement in comic opera. It was *Erminie* and they were playing at Niblo's. Going down in a street car he chanced into a conversation with a venerable looking Hebrew of the good old shibboleth type. "I'm a goin' to see *Erminie*," said Abraham. "Ah! you have not seen it?" queried Mr. R. "Oh, yes, my dear—three hundred times at least. You see my son Roodie likes to have my opinion of his show, and so I'm going to see the new fellow that's playing *Caddy*—his name is Ryley—but he ain't a patch on the other fellow."

"Hum! I thought you said you hadn't seen him."

"No more I have, my dear, but the other man got a bigger salary—see. But here we are—you are going to see the show too?"

"Yes; I—I have business here," said Mr. R. "Good evening, Mr. A.—my name is Ryley."

"Lord bless me," responded the old gentleman. "Oae moment—you played that fool part in the *Yeoman of the Guard*. You were great, my dear sir, and the other fellow I was a speaking about couldn't touch you in it. Good night." And the twinkle in the old gentleman's eye was worth the experience.

## Some Masculine Blushers.

Ladies' blushes have always been an attractive theme. She who has lost the art of blushing, observes an old-fashioned writer, has lost the most powerful charm of beauty. Not many men's blushes are on record, though a careful research might go far to show that there are on occasion as ready as the flushes which suffuse the cheeks of maiden modesty.

Byron confesses to being a frequent blusher. He once saw a young lady at church whom he believed to be acquainted with himself, and he mistook her blushed. "So did not the lady," he declares, adding in mock reprobation, "and thing—wish women had more modesty."

On another occasion the noble poet having failed in some trifling engagement, a lady told him "he was no more to be depended on than a woman," which hard impeachment instantly brought, as she narrates, "the softness of that sex into his countenance, for he blushed exceedingly." Perhaps, however, his change of color was caused by the lady's unjust aspersions on her sex.

The singular readiness of Southey's blushes failed not to attract the lynx-eyed notice of Carlyle, who on their testimony pronounced him to be "the perhaps excitablest of all men." These blushes varied in hue from red to blue, the red blushes, mounting to his grey hairs, showing rosy and beautiful as a maiden's of fifteen.

Before leaving the poets, who in their sensitiveness may be considered privileged blushers, we may mention one more. Of Sir Walter Scott a very amiable blush has been recorded. The laird was starting in great state on an expedition with his friends when his daughter Anne, screaming with laughter, cried out: "Papa, papa! I knew you could never think of going without your pet." Scott looked round, and beheld a little black pig, which had lately taken a sentimental attachment to him, frisking about his pony with the evident intention of making one of the party. "I rather think," says Leitch, "there was a blush as well as a smile upon his face" at this unseasonable demonstration on the part of his odd admirer.

Only one blush is recorded of Dr. Johnson. Sir Joshua Reynolds, one day at dinner, having opposed the autocrat in an argument on wine-drinking, was met with the very personal rejoinder: "I won't argue any more with you, sir, you are too far gone." "I should have thought, so indeed, sir," retorted the courtly painter, "had I made such a speech as you have now done." Collapsing under the justness of this rebuff, "and I really thought," relates Boswell, "scarcely able to believe his eyes" blushed, the sturdy doctor made an immediate and ample apology.

A more notable blush, and one that makes its mark on history, was that of Sigismund King of Bohemia, who granted John Huss a safe-conduct, which was after violated. The indomitable reformer at his condemnation roundly charged Sigismund with the pettiness, fixing his eyes the while on his royal betrayer. It was then that the blush which has been handed down to posterity overspread the king's features. And yet this blush seems to relieve, in a measure, the blackness of his treachery; for, as the poet Young declares:

"The man that blushes is not quite a brute." More enviable were the blushes of George Washington, when, having been overwhelmed with praise for his military services, the young hero, at the time Colonel Washington, rose to return thanks. But no words would come. He could do nothing but stammer, tremble, and what is more to our purpose—blush. On which ingenuous display the Speaker, with admirable address, bade him sit down, declaring his modesty to be equal to his valor.

More extraordinary, however, than the blushes of king or soldier might be considered those of an actor. To see a man, as Mrs. Carlyle, the chronicler of the blushes in question, remarks, who is exhibiting himself every night on the

## It Was Too Faithful.



"Was Miss Yellowleaf's portrait a good likeness?" "It must have been; she refused to take it from the artist."—*Life*.

stage, blushing in a private room like a young girl, is indeed a beautiful phenomenon. The actor whose blushes had aroused her enthusiasm was the celebrated William Macready, and his embarrassment was due to his having on a magnificent stage great-coat which, as his wife privately informed Mrs. Carlyle, had figured only twice before the footlights in an unsuccessful drama, and was too costly, in the opinion of his better half, to give away. The fiery became him, we are told, but was, perhaps, conspicuous enough when worn without the buskin to warrant its owner's blushes.

## The Origin of the Diamond.

The origin of the diamond has been a fruitful topic for speculation among scientists, hence many contradictory theories have been advanced and argued with some show of reason; but, after all that has been said and written on the subject, we are still left pretty much in the dark. Some of the theories are very ingenious and interesting, though the amount of truth they embody remains to be proved. It has been suggested that the vapors of carbon during the coal period may have been condensed and crystallized into the diamond; and again, the itacolumite generally regarded as the matrix, was saturated with petroleum which, collecting in nodules, formed the gem by gradual crystallization.

Newton believed it to have been a coagulated unctuous substance of vegetable origin, and was sustained in the theory by many eminent philosophers, including Sir D. Brewster, who believed the diamond was once a mass of gum derived from certain species of wood, and that it subsequently assumed a crystalline form. Dana and others advanced the opinion that it may have been produced by the slow decomposition of vegetable material, and even from animal matter. Burton says it is younger than gold, and suggests the possibility that it may still be in process of formation, with capacity of growth. Specimens of the diamond have been found to enclose particles of gold, an evidence, he thinks, that its formation was more recent than that of the precious metal.

The theory that the diamond was formed immediately from carbon by the action of heat is opposed by another, maintaining that it could not have been produced in this way, otherwise would have been consumed. But the advocates of this view were not quite on their guard against a surprise, for some quick-witted opponent has found by experiments that the diamond will sustain great heat without combustion.

## A Womanly Woman.

When the new American play, *The Charity Ball*, was produced the other night, a man said: "I like Georgin Cayvan, she is such a womanly woman!" Now it seems quite time that men should define what that word means, so though unlike Japheth, I am not in search of a father, still I am on knowledge bent, and these are the answers I got:

"A womanly woman is one who is considerate, sympathetic, forgiving, and gentle; who can feel for those who suffer in mind or body; who knows how to make such a home that her husband and children are happy in it and love her as the ruling power."

Another was: "A womanly woman is one who in physique is shaped like a woman. She is not womanly who is as flat as a shingle. She must be rounded in body and in mind. There must be no angles in her temper nor her figure. She must know the power of a loving word, and of the soft answer that turneth away wrath."

From a married man came this: "She must be a woman who doesn't contradict a man." From a young artist who had evidently given some study to madonnas and cherubs, was this: "She is the one who knows how to hold

a baby in the easiest way for herself and the most comfortable for it."

From a cynical old bachelor this: "She is not masculine. She gives love and invites it. She knows how to forgive, and doesn't make a favor of this forgiveness. She is fond of clothes, but doesn't think her salvation or happiness depend upon them. She is what your mother was and what mine was—a gentlewoman." Is she described?

## An Artist's Whim.

Diaz, the French artist, was most reckless with regard to money, and M. Charles Blanc relates a curious anecdote of his carelessness. An amateur had just paid Diaz 600 francs for a study of beeches as M. Blanc entered the studio, and Diaz, taking the money, threw it over his head on to the floor, where the napoleons rolled away in various directions.

"Now," said the painter, "when I want any money, it gives me the greatest pleasure to find it by chance in a crack of the floor, amongst my portfolios, or in a dark corner; and when my sons ask me for cash, or a poor comrade comes for help, I say, 'Let us fish for gold, and unknown treasures come to light.'"

## The Game of Billiards.

The origin of this game, like the birth place of Homer, or the problem of the Sphinx, has ever been a contested point. Hence its exact age continues to be involved in considerable doubt. Some historians suppose it to have been imported from the Persians during the consulship of the Roman Lucullus. Others contend that the game was introduced into Europe from the East by the Emperor Caligula. The most reliable, at least the most plausible, account of the origin and antiquity of the game is taken from certain parchments, once the property of Sir Reginald Mortimer, who was contemporary with Peter the Hermit, and who figured in the eleventh century. Sir Reginald was among the Knights Templar who returned in safety from the first crusade led by Richard Cœur de Lion. It is known that on the return of the crusaders from Palestine, the game, now called billiards, was introduced by them, and was at that time considered not only an amusement but a healthful recreation in which the cloistered monks of that period were permitted by their superiors to indulge. If known at all to the Romans, it must have perished, together with many other arts, on the overthrow of their empire. Thence it cradled in the monasteries, having been introduced into Europe by the Knights Templar, the game is supposed to have shared their fate and died out when the order was overthrown, by the cupidity of European monarchs. We next hear of it in the reign of Louis XI of France.

Among the royal personages who are said to have been fond of billiards are mentioned Henry III. of England, Mary Queen of Scots, and the Empress Josephine, whom Mlle Rhea has been presenting in her play here this week. It is related that during Napoleon's moody moods she would challenge him to a bout at billiards, with the never failing effect of raising his spirits. The game of billiards has had many enthusiastic admirers among men of eminence in our own time. The celebrated English physician, Sir Astley Cooper, has given it his professional endorsement. The eminent Prof. Blackie of Edinburgh is a staunch advocate of the ivory and cue, and the late Henry Ward Beecher, in one of his eloquent sermons, said that the trouble with billiards was that there were too many tables in the saloons and public places and too few in the homes of the people.

Farmer's wife—I must go home now, ma'am; we're very busy to-day, we're going to kill an ox. City Visitor—What, a whole ox at once!

## Why the Duke Was Rejected.



—Mr. Chine (of Cincinnati)—I s'pose he's honest enough, an' I ain't got nothin' ag'in him 'cept one thing. Miss Chine—What is that, papa? Mr. Chine—He don't look any more like one of us 'eel pork-packers than a shoat looks like a giraffe.—*Judge*.



## A LIFE SENTENCE

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## CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

Hubert Lepel was wonderfully well versed in subtle turns of argument—in casuistry of the abstruser kind. It was long since he had looked truth full in the face or drawn a sharp boundary line between right and wrong. Not easy to him was it to get back from the varying lights and shadows of self-deception to the radiant sunshine of truth. With bitter remorse in his heart and a strangely passionate wish to do—now at least—the right, he yet decided to bear the burden of silence until his dying day—to say no word, to do no act, that should ever revive in others' minds the memory of the Beechfield tragedy. He was not naturally callous, and he knew that concealment of the truth would be, as it had always been, an oppression, a weary weight upon him; but he had made up his mind that it must be so.

"Moralists tell me that I must do good may come," he murmured to himself, with head bowed upon his knees; "but surely in this case, when it is not—altogether my own good that I seek, a little evil may be pardoned, a little wrong condoned! Heaven forgive me! If I have sinned, I think that I have suffered too!"

He lifted up his head at last, and saw the red light of sunset burning between the upright stems of the fir-trees, stealing with strange crimson tints amongst the yellowing bracken and under drift of pine needles, scarcely touching, however, the black shades of the foliage overhead. With a sudden shiver Hubert rose to his feet. It seemed to him that the red light looked like blood. He turned hastily to go; he had lingered too long, had excited his own emotions too keenly. He resolved that he would never visit the lone fir wood again. He wondered why it had stood so long. If he had been the general, he would have had the trees hewn down after the trial and done away with every memento of the place.

When he escaped from the shadow of the wood, and saw the red sun setting behind the hills, sending long level beams over the tranquil meadow and bathing field and grove and high-road alike in ruddy golden light, he drew a long breath of relief. And yet he felt that he was quite the same man that had entered the wood an hour before. The foundations of his soul had been shaken; he had made a resolve; he looked at life from a new standpoint. The half-defiant determination to make the best of the future which he had announced to his sister was purged of its defiance. He would make the best of his future—yet. But for this purpose he would injure no man or woman henceforward; he would work with less selfishness of aim—for the good of the world at large as well as for himself. Something seemed broken in him by that lonely hour in the wood—some hardness, some coldness of temper was swept away. To him perhaps Tennyson's words respecting Lancelot were applicable still:

"So grieved Sir Lancelot in remorseful pain,  
Not knowing he should die a holy man,  
Far enough from anything like holiness was  
Hubert Lepel, but a nobler life was possible to him yet."

Florence commented that evening on his pale and wearied countenance, but she smiled at her questions and would not allow that anything ailed him. He sat by her side for the greater part of the evening. It was as well, he thought, to be chary of Enid's companionship. She was so sweet, so frank, that she beguiled him into imprudent frankness in return. He would not sit beside her at the piano before, or walk with her upon the terrace, although she looked prettier than ever, with a new wistful light in her blue eyes, a rose-flush upon her delicate cheeks. He knew that she was disappointed when he did not come; no matter—the child must not look on him as anything but a casual acquaintance who had spoken a few rash words of compliment which it were idle to take too seriously; and he would stay with Florence.

"Enid looks well to-night," said his sister, in her soft careless tones. "She is a pretty little thing when in good health."

"Is she delicate?" Hubert asked, in some surprise.

"She has nervous attacks; she has had them at intervals ever since she was nine years old." Nine years old—the date of her father's death!—as Hubert knew. "At first we thought they were of an epileptic kind; but the doctors say that they are purely nervous, and will cease when she is older and stronger."

Hubert inquired no further. The subject was disagreeable to him, inasmuch as it connected Enid's health with her parent's fate and his sister's disastrous influence upon the family. It was always a matter of keen regret to him that he had not been able to hinder Florence's marriage, which she had prudently made a matter of secrecy until it was too late for the general's friends to interfere. Her calm appropriation of the position which she had secured, and, above all, the pseudo-maternal way in which she spoke of Enid, irritated Hubert almost beyond endurance.

He went back to London on the following day, promising to return to Beechfield Hall before long. For some reason or other he felt eager to get away—the air of the place seemed to excite his sensibilities unduly, he told himself. It struck him afterwards that Enid looked very pale and downcast when she bade him good-bye. He took his leave of her hurriedly, feeling as if he did not like to look her full in the face. He was afraid that, if he looked, he would be only too sure of what he guessed—that her eyes were full of tears. He was almost glad that a speedy return to London was incumbent upon him. He had next to superintend the rehearsal of his new play, which was shortly to be produced at one of the smaller theaters; and as soon as he reached his apartments he was immersed in business of every kind.

The next morning's rehearsal was followed by luncheon with friends and attendance at a matinee given for the benefit of the widow and children of an actor—a performance at which Hubert thought it well to be present, although he invariably bemoaned the loss of time. The piece was not over six o'clock, and he amused himself afterwards by going behind the scenes and chatting with some of his acquaintances among actors, actresses, managers, and critics. Thus it was nearly seven before he issued from the theater, in a street off the Strand, and the day was already drawing to a close. The lamps were lighted and a fog was gathering, through which their beams assumed a yellow and unnatural intensity. Hubert stood on the edge of the pavement, leisurely drawing on his gloves and looking out for a hansom, contrasting meanwhile the glories of the Strand with those of the autumn woods in Hampshire, when his attention was arrested by the sound of a woman's voice.

"If you please, Mr. Lepel, may I speak to you?"

He turned round hastily, and, after a moment's hesitation, recognized the girl who had addressed him as a young actress whom he had lately come to know. She had been playing a very small part in the comedy which he had just seen. He vaguely remembered having heard her name—she was known on the bills as Miss Cynthia West.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Hubert raised his hat courteously. "Good evening, Miss West. Of course you may speak to me," he said. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes," answered the girl, with a quickness which sounded abrupt, but which, as could easily be seen, was born of shyness and not of incivility. "You can get me an engagement if you like, Mr. Lepel; and I wish you would."

Hubert laughed, not thinking that she was in earnest, and surveyed her critically.

"You will not have much difficulty in getting one for yourself, I should think," he said.

Miss West, however, drew back rather haughtily. It was evident that she did not like remarks of a personal bearing, although Mr. Lepel had spoken only as he would have thought himself licensed to speak to girls of her profession, who are generally open to such compliments—and indeed she was not very likely to escape compliments, as she looked that her in the light of the gas lamps before the theater, Hubert Lepel became gradually aware that there stood before him one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen.

She was tall—nearly as tall as himself—but so finely proportioned that she gave the impression of being slight. She really possessed. Every movement of her lithe limbs was full of grace; she was slender without being thin, and lissom as an untrained beautiful creature of the woods. In afterdays, when Hubert knew her better, he used to compare her to a young panther for grace and freedom of motion. It was a pleasure to watch her walk, although her step was longer and freer than to Enid Vane's teachers would have seemed desirable. Her features were perfectly cut; the broad forehead, the straight nose, the curved lips and slightly-puckered chin were of the type recognized as purely Greek; and the complexion, and accompanying these features were rich in the coloring that glows upon the canvases of Murillo and Velasquez. The skin was of a creamy brown, heightened by a carmine tint in the oval cheeks; the eyes were large, dark and lustrous, with long black lashes and well-defined black brows. It seemed somehow to Hubert as if those eyes were familiar to him, but he could not recollect how or why.

For the rest, Miss Cynthia West was a very well-dressed stylish-looking young woman, neither fast nor shabby in her mode of attire; and the things that she wore served—intentionally or not—to set off her good looks to the best advantage. Hubert had seen her several times off and on during the past few weeks since his return to England; she took none but minor parts, but was so remarkably handsome that she had begun to attract remark. He was a little surprised by her speech to him, and hardly thought she could be in earnest. In fact, he suspected her of a mere desire to attract his attention.

"I thought you were at the Frivoly?" he said.

"I have left the Frivoly," she answered abruptly. "This afternoon's engagement is the only one I have had for a fortnight; and I have nothing in prospect."

His gaze, her slender look, and in spite of her brave bearing and her dainty clothing, he thought that he perceived a slight pinching of the delicate features, a dark shade beneath the eyes which—if he remembered rightly—had not been there two months before. Was it possible that the girl was really in want? Could he put his hand into his pocket and offer her money? He might make the attempt, at any rate.

"Can I be of any use to you—in this way?" he began, inserting two fingers in his waistcoat-pocket in a sufficiently significant manner. He was aware of his mistake the next moment. An indignant flush spread over the girl's whole face; her eyes expressed such hurt surprise that Mr. Lepel felt rather ashamed of his suggestion.

"I did not ask you for money," said Miss West; "I asked if you could get me something to do." Then she turned away with a gesture which Hubert took for one of mere petulance, though the feeling that actuated it bordered more nearly on despair. "Oh," she said, with a quick nervous irritation audible in her tone, "I thought that you would understand!"—and her beautiful dark eyes swam in tears.

They were still standing on the pavement, and at that moment two or three passers-by shouldered Hubert somewhat roughly and stared at the girl, whom he was speaking. Hubert placed himself at her side.

"Come," he said—"walk on a few paces with me, and make me understand what you want when we get to a quieter spot."

She bowed her head; it was evident that if she had spoken the tears would have fallen from her eyes. Hubert turned up the comparatively dark and quiet street in which stood the theater that he had just visited; but for a few minutes he did not speak. At last he said, in the soothing voice which was sometimes thought to be his greatest charm:

"Now will you make me understand? I beg your pardon for having offended you by my offer of help; I am in all kinds of a way. You have not an engagement just now, you say?"

"It is not easy to get one," said the girl, with a quiver in her proud young voice. "It is not a good time, you know. I had two or three offers of engagements with provincial companies this autumn, but I refused them all because I had this one at the Frivoly. They were to give me two pounds a week; and it was considered a very good engagement. Besides, it was a London engagement, which I thought it better to take while I had the chance. But I have lost it now, and I don't know what to do."

"You know the first question that one naturally feels inclined to put to you, Miss West, is, why do you leave the Frivoly?" said the girl sharply. The color in her face seemed now to be concentrated in two flaming spots in her cheeks; her mouth was set, and her brow contracted over the brilliant eyes. "I quarrelled with the manager—that was all."

"Let me see—the manager is Ferguson, is he not? I know him."

"But he is not a friend of yours?" said Cynthia, turning towards him with a look of sudden dismay.

"Certainly not! He is the most confirmed liar I ever met," Hubert answered, without a smile.

But he was a little curious in his own mind. From what he knew of Ferguson, he supposed it likely that the man had been making love to the young actress, that she had refused to listen to him, and that he had therefore dismissed her from the troupe. Such things had happened before, he knew, during Mr. Ferguson's reign; and the Frivoly did not bear the very best character in the world. With a girl of Cynthia West's remarkable beauty, it was pretty easy to guess the story, although the girl in her innocence thought that she was concealing it completely.

"He said that I was careless," Cynthia went on rapidly. "He changed the hour for rehearsal twice, and let everybody know but me; then I was fined, of course; and I complained, and then he said I had better go."

"What made you come to me?" said Hubert. "I am not a manager, you know."

"You have a great deal of influence," she said, rather more shyly than she had spoken hitherto.

"Very little indeed. Other people have much more. Why did you not try Gurney or Thomson or Macalister?" mentioning names well known in the theatrical world.

"Oh, Mr. Lepel," said the girl, almost in a whisper, "you will think me so foolish if I tell you!"

"No, I shan't. Do tell me why!"

"Well"—still in a whisper—"it was because I read a story that you had written—a tale about a girl called Amy Matland—do you remember?"

"I ought to remember," said Hubert thoughtfully, "because I know I wrote it; but an author does not always recall his old stories very accurately, Miss West. It was a short tale for a Christmas number, I know. What was there in it that could cause you to honor me in this way, I wonder?"

"Ah, don't laugh at me, please, Mr. Lepel!" Cynthia's voice was so sweet in its entreating tones that Hubert thought he had never heard

anything more musical. "It was all about a girl who was poor like me, and whose parents were dead, and about her adventures, you know—particularly about her not being able to get any work to do, and nearly throwing herself into the river. I have had the thought more than once lately that it would end with me in that way—the river looks so deep and silent and mysterious—doesn't it? But that's all nonsense, I suppose! However, when I read about Amy in an old Christmas number that my landlady lent me the other night, it came to my mind that I had seen you behind the scenes, and that, if you could write in that way, you might be more ready—ready to help—"

"My poor child," said Hubert, with the tender accent that showed that he was moved, "I am afraid it does not always follow. However, let us take the most cheerful view possible of all things, even of novelist, and try to believe that they practice what they preach. It would be hard if I did not prove worthy of your confidence, Miss West. I am sure I don't know whether I shall be able to do anything for you or not."

"Thank you, Mr. Lepel."

She said the words very low, and drew a quick breath of relief as she said them. By the light of a gas lamp under which they were passing at the moment Hubert saw that she had turned very pale. He halted suddenly.

"I am very tired," he said, "not to recollect that you must be tired, and that I am perhaps taking you out of your way."

"No," said Cynthia simply; "I always go this way. I lodge at a boarding-house in the Euston Road."

"Then let us to business at once!" exclaimed Mr. Lepel, in a cheerful tone. "What sort of engagement do you want, Miss West?"

She was silent for a minute or two. Then she said, with some unusual timidity of manner—

"I should very much like to have an engagement at a place where I could sing."

"Sing!" repeated Hubert, arching his brows a little. "Can you sing? Have you a voice?"

"Yes," said Cynthia.

The audacity of the assertion took away Hubert's breath. He looked at her pityingly.

"My dear Miss West, are you aware that singing is a profession in itself, and requires a professional training, like others things?"

"Yes. But I can sing," said the girl decidedly.

"Where did you learn?"

"At school, and then of an old music-master in the boarding-house where I am living."

If he had not been afraid of wounding her feelings, Hubert would have shrugged his shoulders. They were again standing on the pavement, face to face, and he refrained from the scornful gesture.

"Well," he said, after a short pause, "if you think so, there is nothing to do but to try you. I must hear you sing, Miss West, before I can say anything about a musical engagement."

"Oh, yes," said Cynthia, with such transparent horror at the suggestion that Mr. Lepel was very much amused. We have no piano, and—I am sure that Mrs. Wadley would not like it."

"Then will you come to my rooms at twelve o'clock to-morrow morning?"

"Thank you. Oh, Mr. Lepel, I am so very, very much obliged to you."

"I have done nothing yet to merit thanks, Miss West. I shall be only glad if I can be the means of assisting a fellow-artist out of a difficulty." He saw that the words brought a bright glow of gratified feeling to the girl's face.

"Here is my card; my rooms are not very far off—in Russell Square."

Cynthia took the card and thanked him again so warmly that Hubert assured her that he was already overpaid. They had reached the broad torrent of life that rolls down New Oxford Street, and further conversation became almost impossible. Hubert bent his head to say—

"I shall put you into a cab now, or may I see you home?"

"Neither, thank you," she said, shaking her head. "I am quite well used to going about alone; and it is a very little way. Good night; and I am much obliged to you!"

"Let me see you over this crossing, at any rate," said Hubert.

She was too quick for him; she had already plunged into the tide, and he saw her next moment halting on the central resting-place of the broad thoroughfare. He attempted to follow, but was too late, and had to wait a moment or two for a couple of heavy carts. When the road was clear again, he saw that she had safely reached the other side; and, as soon as he had crossed, he dimly perceived her graceful figure some distance ahead on the sombre pavements of Bedford Square. His impulse was to overtake her, but after a few rapid strides he abandoned the intention. The girl was safe enough at that early hour; no doubt she was accustomed, as she said, to take care of herself. No need to launch into a romantic episode—to walk behind her keeping watch and ward, as if she were likely to encounter terrible danger on the way. And yet, for some reason or another, he continued to walk—slowly now—in the direction which Cynthia West had taken.

It was quite out of his own way to go all along Gower street and eastward down the Euston road, yet that was what he did. He saw the tall slight figure stop at an iron gate, push it open, and walk up the flagged pavement to the door of a dingy but highly respectable-looking house. The Euston Road is a neighborhood not greatly affected by people of fastidious taste; and Hubert wondered, with a shrug of the shoulder, why Miss West had found a lodging in the very midst of its ceaseless maddening roar. He passed the house with a slow step, and as he did so he read an inscription on the brass plate which adorned the gate by which Cynthia had entered:

"MRS. WADLEY  
Select Boarding-House for Ladies and Gentlemen.  
"Moderate Terms."

"Very moderate and very select, no doubt," thought Hubert cynically. "Now is that girl making a fool of me, or is she not? All those pretty airs might so easily be put on by a clever actress. I shall find her out to-morrow. She can act a little—I know that; but, if she can't sing, after what she has said, she may go to Jericho for me! And if she does not come at all, why then I shall know that she is an arrogant little impostor, and that I am a confounded fool!"

He stopped to light a cigar under a lamp-post, and a slight smile played over his features as he struck the match.

"She's a beautiful girl," he said to himself; "if she does turn out as impostor, I shall be rather sorry. But, by Jove, I don't believe she will!"

(To be Continued.)

A Singer Describes Audiences.  
Emma Nevada Palmer writes in the New York World:

"Italian audiences are exceedingly appreciative, following every note and cadence, and, when gratified, testify their pleasure by showers of applause, showers of flowers, and innumerable calls before the curtain. Nor are they swayed by the power of a name. The most modest of debutantes, if she evinces talent, will be rapturously applauded, and the most renowned of prime donne, if she happens to sing false, or tamper, as they imagine, unduly with the score, will be just as energetically hissed."

The Spanish opera-goers are among the severest critics in Europe; but they are very delightful to sing before, as they take such an interest in all the minutiae of the performance, down to the smallest details in the dresses of the singers.

French audiences are thoroughly appreciative, and comprehend in an instant anything that is especially well done, whether dramatically or vocally. They are less demonstrative than the southern nations, but to waken the

long, low murmur that runs through the house in greeting to some finely finished piece of vocalization is in itself a triumph.

"English audiences are very kind and encouraging, and once a performer has won their hearts he or she is sure of a place in their affections to the end of his or her career."

"In the United States, public demonstrations of satisfaction are supplemented by private courtesies in a most delightful way. I shall never forget the kindness shown me by my countrypeople whenever I have appeared before them."

"I must not forget to mention the very odd way in which the Portuguese opera-goers testify their displeasure with a performance. They neither hiss nor shout 'Off! off!' as other European audiences do; they simply stamp their feet in a way that in other countries would be looked upon as applauding, till the obnoxious singer, or actor, or opera, is literally stamped out."

## The Seven Ages.

[WITH APOLOGIES TO WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE AND HENRY E. DIXEY.]

All the world's a stage, and all the felices merely players. They have their exits and entrances and one cat, in its time plays many parts. His acts being seven ages.



At first, the infantile specimen, mewling and dandling from its mother's jaws.



And then the kit—just plain, everyday kitten.



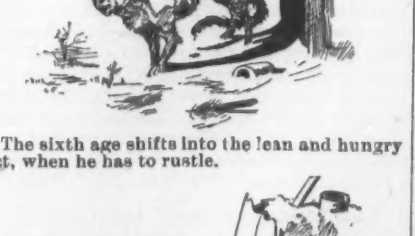
And then the lover, sighing like a turnstone with weoful ballad upon the back fence.



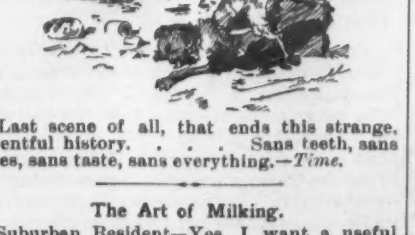
And then the warrior—full of strange oaths (a terror to the ward).



And then the justice—full of wise saws and modern instances, with a fondness for umpiring "mills."



The sixth age shifts into the lean and hungry act, when he has to rustle.



Last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history. Sane teeth, sane eyes, sane taste, sane everything.—Time.

## The Art of Milking.

Suburban Resident—Yes, I want a useful man about my country-place. Can you milk? Applicant—Yes, sir.

"Which side of a cow do you sit on when milking?"

"Well, sir, O! never milks but wan cow, an' she a kicker, sor; an' badad, a good dale av the toim O! was on both soids av her, sor."

## An Object of Pity.

Proud Father—Do you think he looks like me? Sympathetic Visitor—Yes, poor little thing.

## She Wanted Delay.

Adorer—As we are to be married in January, should we not announce our engagement?

Sweet Girl—No, no; not yet, not yet.

"My own, I would not hasten to make known the sweet truth to all the world were not the time so short. Can you not bring yourself to acknowledge your betrothal without further delay?"

"No, no. Wait, I beg of you."

"But why, my shrinking little angel?" "Wait until all the Christmas presents are in, or half of them will be held back for wedding presents."—N. Y. Weekly.

## A Cool Reception.

Tramp—Can you keep me over night? Lady of the House—We might be able to, perhaps—on ice.—Time.

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## CHAPTER XXIII.

The rain was falling heavily when Hugh Cameron left Eyncourt and strode with swift unsteady steps down the avenue. He had passed the footman in the hall without a word; he had not seen the man's stare of astonishment at the sight of Hugh's haggard, ghastly face; he had forgotten that he had ridden to Eyncourt, and that Milladi was waiting for him in Sir Humphrey's stables; he was conscious of nothing save a sense of unutterable misery and despair. Yesterday he had been so happy, life had seemed so joyous, the future lay before him full of sweetness and hope; and now, in a moment as it were, the smiling edifice he had raised had fallen about him, shattered into a thousand pieces. Last night, only a few short hours since, he had held Stanley Gerard in his arms in that very room where they had just parted, where she had let him go, without a word, without a look, for ever.

His brain was confused, his temples were throbbing violently. He did not heed the rain which fell heavily upon him; he did not even feel it; he was conscious only of one desire—to obtain from his father the explanation of Sir Humphrey's conduct. If it were in his father's power to grant that explanation, "Perhaps he said it to get rid of me," thought Hugh, as he strode onwards under the beech trees, walking along the very paths in which he and Stanley had lingered only on the previous day. "There can be no reason except that she has wearied of me; and yet—"

She had been so tender, so loving! It could not have been all a pretence. Yesterday she had assured him of her love and constancy—had told him in sweetest words and with tender looks that she would never fall from him, that she would be as true in storm as in sunshine. As he remembered those words, he paused in his rapid walk. He would go back, he thought wildly, and force an explanation from her; he would have the truth from her own lips; she should not befool him thus. But, as he was turning towards Eyncourt, he remembered her changed face, her haggard looks, her sorrowful eyes. She was suffering. What cruel fate had fallen upon them both? he asked himself bitterly, as he set his face homeward once more.

His riding-jacket was wet through when he reached Bracepeth; but he had managed to assume some semblance of calmness. There was no one in the hall when he entered his father's house; but, as he stood there for a moment to gain breath after his rapid walk, his own servant came down-stairs with a coat upon his arm.

"I was up-stairs, sir," said the man, coming forward, "and saw you in the distance. I am afraid you are very wet, Mr. Hugh." The man had served Hugh from his boyhood; but the young man glanced at him for a moment now as if his eyes had never rested on him before; and Macarty, who could not but see the pallor and disturbance on his master's face, felt suddenly anxious and sympathetic.

"Had you not better change your clothes, sir?" he suggested. "You will take a chill otherwise." "Is my father in?" Hugh asked abruptly. "I believe so, sir. Shall I inquire?" "Yes; do so." He turned upon his heel and walked over to the fireplace; then, seeing that Macarty hesitated, he said curtly, "Did you hear me?"

"I will go at once, sir; but first allow me to remove your coat." Hugh looked at Macarty in silence for a moment, then broke into a laugh. "All right," he said, "have your own way! It can't matter much!"

"Thank you, sir." The exchange effected, the man went off to ascertain Mr. Cameron's whereabouts. In less than a minute—which had seemed an interminable period to Hugh—he returned. "Mr. Cameron is in the library, sir," he said. "Alone?" "Quite alone, sir."

Without a moment's hesitation, Hugh crossed the hall and opened the library door. His father was there alone, seated in a reading-chair by the fire; but he was not reading—the pile of newspapers lay undisturbed at his elbow. He appeared absorbed in deep and painful thought.

He looked up as Hugh entered; and the young man noticed that his father's lips were compressed more firmly, and that his face bore an expression like that of a patient nervously hushing the operator's knife. One look at Hugh's face told Philip Cameron that something had happened—that what he feared had taken place.

"What is it, Hugh?" he asked, as he rose from his chair. "That is the question I have come to put to you, sir," the young man answered, endeavoring to master his emotion as he advanced to the hearth. "I have been referred to you by Sir Humphrey Gerard for the explanation of this insult which he has put upon me!"

As he spoke Hugh held out Sir Humphrey's letter, which he had taken from the pocket of his riding-jacket. His father perused it in silence. Then he looked up, and his frank sorrowful eyes met his son's. "Sir Humphrey has given you no reason for his breach of faith?" "None! He and his daughter referred me to you," answered Hugh.

"Sit down," said his father quietly, pointing to a chair; and the young man obeyed. "A father," he pleaded, "tell me quickly! Do not try to spare me! I have lost Stanley; I can bear the rest!" "You have lost Stanley?" "Yes; she has given me up!"—with a dreary laugh.

"Hugh," said his father, in grave, sorrowful tones which thrilled him, and self-reproach. "A few days since you trusted me. I will not ask you to do so now; but I will ask you to forgive me—to forgive your mother and myself—for a great wrong we have done you. I gave you no reason for my refusal of the title offered to you; but I will give it to you now; and the reason for your disappointment then you will find to be that of your present trouble. Hugh, I could not accept the title offered me because at my death it could not descend to you, my only son."

Hugh gazed in bewilderment upon his father's face; the words told him nothing. "Why?" he asked simply. "Because, in the eyes of the law, you—my son, as you are, my beloved son—are not eligible for it, because, when you were born, your mother was not legally my wife!"

"What?" Hugh sprang to his feet, his hands clenched, his eyes flashing with sudden fury as they met the sad, earnest gaze of his father. "It is a bitter truth, bitter to hear and bitter to utter," said Mr. Cameron, sadly, "and one which we hoped to keep from you always, Hugh. But Fate has been too strong for us, and you must know the truth. Sit down, lad! Surely after all these years you can trust your father still!"

The young man obeyed; already the light had died out of his eyes, and his face was ghastly pale. "When I married your mother, Hugh," said his father calmly, "I was not her first husband and she believed herself to be a widow. Some years before, when very young, she had been induced to go through the marriage ceremony with a man who had been tutor to her brother, whose lessons she had shared. She was very young—little more than a child—and she had no mother. Her only sister, your aunt, Maria, had left home some years before as Mr. Ashton's wife. There was no one to care for or influence the poor child until this man came and

obtained power over her, as his handsome appearance and ingratiating manners were likely to do. They were married secretly on her seventeenth birthday—and the same day he was arrested on an accusation of forgery."

The strong man had to pause for a few moments. Hugh sat still and motionless, scarcely breathing in his suspense. "In her anguish your mother confided her marriage to her sister," Mr. Cameron went on; "and Mr. Ashton saw in prison the man who had taken such advantage of her youth and innocence, and purchased his silence—how I do not clearly know. Perhaps he saw that it would be no advantage to him to have another sin added to his list of crimes; but, in any case, he held his peace. He was tried and found guilty, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. Two years afterwards the news came that he was dead. The following year I married his widow."

Mr. Cameron's voice changed with the last words. He had hitherto spoken quietly and with evident self-restraint; but now there was an indescribable bitterness in his voice. His son could not utter a word as he sat, pale and stern, his clenched hand resting on the table near which he sat.

"For years we were happy, Hugh. You were born; and it seemed as if every blessing life could give was ours. Nest's great trouble, which came when you were about two years old, cast a shadow over us; but she was so brave and steadfast and cheerful that she would not let her sorrow darken our sunshine. Then, when you were six or seven years old, a blow fell upon us which destroyed our happiness and our peace. He—the man who had been reported dead—returned, his name having been given by mistake instead of that of a convict who had worked by his side. That error was a bitter one for us, Hugh. It darkened our lives; it shattered your mother's health—the shock was so great that, for Nest, I think she must have lost her reason or her life—and it deprived you of your legal right to the name you bear."

Not a word came from Hugh's stricken lips; he sat staring with unseeing eyes at his father's haggard face. "You will scarcely wonder that, in my first anguish at the horrible discovery, I went half mad. The shame, the horror of it, made me desperate, and I bought the man's silence. Frank's father, who came to us at once on hearing the truth, arranged the matter for me. The sum he demanded was a large one; but I would have given half my fortune—nay, the whole of it—to silence him. We were staying then, when he found us out, at Barton Knoll, my father's favorite house and mine. Can you wonder that, when he left it then, we left it for ever? Even now I could not force myself to enter the rooms where we suffered so terribly! And, Hugh, through it all my pain—ay, and hers too, poor woman—was deepest when we thought of you!"

The fingers that were clenched on the table slowly relaxed; and Hugh, with a gasp, saw which his father took, and the hand-clasp was loosened when Philip Cameron spoke again. "He left the house with the price of his silence, and traveled southward in the train by which your uncle returned to town, or rather in which he started on his way back to London. He left me stupefied with despair; and, before I was fully roused from my stupor, the news came that the forger was dead. There had been an accident to the train, and he had been killed on the spot. Ashton took my check from the man's pocketbook and burned it on the night following the morning on which I had signed it."

Philip Cameron paused. His voice had grown weary, and there had been more than one painful catch in it during the latter part of his narrative; but Hugh had not uttered a word. "His death removed some of our difficulties," continued Mr. Cameron. "It left your mother free; and, as soon as she had sufficiently recovered, we were married again in her room at Barton Knoll, which we thought then she would never leave again. But the cruellest wrong of all was that I was powerless, helpless to undo. Hugh, I would have given my life," he added earnestly, "to keep this from you; but my endeavours have failed. My son, can you forgive me? Your pain cannot be more bitter than my own!"

"Forgive!" murmured the young man brokenly. "Father!" His voice failed him; but he strove to smile into the anxious eyes that were fixed upon his face. The fierce agony of mingled rage and pain which he had suffered at Eyncourt was nothing to this. He felt as if the shame of it must kill him. He, Hugh Cameron, who had always held his head erect and walked fearless and honored among his fellows, would never so walk again—would never lose this haunting sense of shame and degradation! In the eyes of society he was an outcast. No wonder Sir Humphrey Gerard had refused him the house—no wonder Stanley's eyes had failed to meet his! He had no name to offer her; he must live out his life alone; the love of wife and children was not for such as he.

His father watched him, his face infinitely sad and weary. How long the silence lasted neither knew; but it was last by the click of the spring that fastened the door in the panel of the wall. The eyes of both men turned mechanically in the direction of the sound; and as the panel opened and Lady Sara came forward hesitatingly, both sprang to their feet, and Philip Cameron felt his brain throb as he remembered his wife's words. "That house would curse her when he knew the truth."

"My son, forgive me!" she cried, as she staggered forward, and would have fallen at his feet had he not caught her in his arms and held her to his breast. "Mother, dear, beloved mother," he said brokenly, as he pressed her to him with a passionate tenderness he had never shown her before—"always—always my beloved mother!"

(To be Continued.)

## Art in Dress.

The newest and noblest sack is the double-breasted, with the fronts boldly cut away from the lower button. Taylor & Co., art tailors, 89 Yonge street.

## A New Scheme.

Diner—You have waited upon me very acceptably and I have enjoyed my meal thoroughly. You have behaved like a gentleman, and your gentlemanly you certainly are, notwithstanding your humble occupation.

Waiter—I hope, sir, that I am a gentleman. I always try to be one. Diner—It is as I suspected. And, being a gentleman, I shall not insult you by offering you money. Perhaps at some time you may be able to reciprocate your courtesy. Till then, farewell.—Boston Transcript.

## It Happens Occasionally.

Snobberly—Were you introduced to Mr. Flashy at the club last night? Snobberly—Yes. I think he is a fraud. His diamond ring is too big.

Snobberly—I don't know about that. I've seen big rings on men who were really rich.

## In a Restaurant.

Customer—This is vegetable soup. I ordered chicken. Waiter (examining the soup)—Dat's so, sir; my mistake. I thought dem celery tops was feathers.—Life.

**Above Suspicion.**  
Bridgroom (returning from smoker)—Thank goodness, even experienced people can't tell we are a newly-wedded couple.  
Bride—I'm so glad. How did you find out, dearest?  
Bridgroom—Why the conductor just told me that if that open window allowed too much draught on my mother's back he would make the man put it down.—The Jury.



## WHAT IS VANITY?

## ARE ALL MEN AND WOMEN VAIN?

It is Pardonable so Far as Personal Beauty is Concerned—A Letter from Mrs. Langtry.

The impression has existed among ignorant or prejudiced people that women or men who are particularly neat about their persons or careful to preserve their personal charms are vain.

We cannot agree to this view. It might as well be said that men or women who keep their hands scrupulously clean are "vain"—Nature intended creatures with the "form divine" to also have good features and complexions, and where they are otherwise the cause may be found in neglect or suffering caused by sickness or poverty. A man or woman who is willing to be hideous or repulsive by having on the face blackheads, pimples, tan, liver-spots and other like imperfections, must be grossly ignorant or utterly devoid of all the feeling which can be described in one quotation—"Cleanliness is next to Godliness."—Nothing more disgusting than to see a face covered with the imperfections referred to—they are worse than unclean finger-nails.

Just think how suggestive they are—What must be the effect on one's lover, one's husband, or one's friends. It is a matter of duty to prevent and remove these things, and is in no sense an indication of vanity. No woman of the world but thoroughly understands the potency of a beautiful complexion.

Read the following letter and rest assured that every woman and every girl should use the Recamier Preparations. In no other way, so far discovered, can she appear as nature intended she should.

NEW YORK, August 14, 1887.

MY DEAR MRS. AYER: I have been for a year using your delightful Recamier Preparations, and was, as you recollect, one of the first to attest to their excellency. While they are in no sense of the word cosmetics, of which I have a wholesome horror, they do away with the need of such meretricious articles and excel any preparations for the complexion I have ever seen.

As I wrote you some months since, I use the Recamier "religiously," and believe them to be essential to the toilet of every woman who desires to retain a fair skin.

Yours most sincerely,

LILLIE LANGTRY.

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Recamier Cream, which is first of these world famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by J. C. Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spot or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Recamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids, Recamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely imperceptible, except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Recamier Lotion will remove freckles and make patches; it is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after traveling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Recamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Recamier Soap is a perfectly pure article, guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Recamier Cream and Lotion. The Recamier Toilet Preparations are positively free from all poisonous ingredients, and contain neither lead, bismuth, nor arsenic. The following certificate is from the eminent Scientist and Professor of Chemistry, Thomas B. Stillman of the Stevens' Institute of Technology:

40 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, Jan., 1887.

MRS. H. H. AYER.  
DEAR MADAM: Samples of your Recamier Preparations have been analyzed by me. I find that there is nothing in them that will harm the most delicate skin, and which is not authorized by the French Pharmacopoeia as safe and beneficial in preparations of this character.

Respectfully yours,

THOMAS B. STILLMAN, M.Sc., Ph.D.

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## To Correspondents.

(Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT OFFICE.)

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BABY W.—Firm, precise, affable and suspicious.  
PAULINE—Sympathetic, cautious and determined.  
BIBBIE W.—Peculiar, ambitious and affectionate.  
MAUD—Order, suspicion and reserve are here shown.  
VIVIAN, Almonte—Erratic, impulsive, decided in opinion.  
CORINNE A mends—Prudent, thoughtful and persevering.

VERNA, Toronto—Energetic, of buoyant spirits and persevering.

DREX R., Toronto—Selfish, fond of luxury, truthful and careless.

F. H. W., Chicago—Severe, assertive, cautious and reserved.

MARCEL—Egotistic, selfish, hopeful, ambitious and careless.

LOVAT—Ergotic, lively, firm, witty and—such a talker.

ZIDA—Amiability, caution, tenderness and generosity are here shown.

"Your Know," Detroit—Generous, self-reliant and judicious.

PERKINS—Fond of admiration, haughty, ambitious and high-spirited.

MOORE—Cautious, earnest, thoughtful, inclined to be in the right.

BURR W.—Self-esteem, fond of display, of a kindly and generous nature.

KATHLEEN—Your writing denotes decision, sensitiveness, vivacity and a keenness.

R. T. H.—Your writing shows melancholy disposition, precision and sensitiveness.

ALBERTA, Brantford—Your writing shows patience, gentleness and a sad want of decision.

JEANETTE, Amherstburg—Vigilant nature, artistic temperament, sensitive and reserved.

AARON, Charlton—Careless, good-natured, original and very susceptible to the influence of friends.

EVERETT F., Clinton—Impetuous, willfulness, love of admiration and self-reliance are here denoted.

JESSE—Carelessness, fondness for pleasure and inclination to exaltation are denoted by this writing.

LOUIS—You are evidently decided in action and the right, a little eccentric, yet of a genial and hopeful disposition.

BARBARA, Belleville—This writing denotes generosity, self-esteem, love of admiration and display, wit and intuitive perception.

SHORTY—Your writing shows much perseverance, judicious firmness, a fair amount of self-esteem and a thoroughly practical nature.

SISTER ANONIA, Goderich—This specimen of penmanship shows order, attention to detail, practicality, generosity and tenderness.

MOUNT CHARLES—Address a letter to the foreman of the company named. Always present a man to a company introduction, unless he be aged or particularly distinguished.

BERNIE—Use plain every day English, and go straight to the subject without beating the bush, and you'll be surprised to find how easy it is. I think you are a rather susceptible young man, genial, good-natured and very honorable.

BETTY—You can't do anything. It is a woman's heritage to sit still and suffer. If he still cares for you, he will come back; if he does not, you would not let him know you had changed, would you? Your writing shows pride, willfulness, impulse and love of merit.

HELEN M., Cornwall—Your letter could not have reached the office, or it would have been answered. I am writing now on studies sent in two and three weeks ago, but answer in turn all there is room for each week. Your writing denotes wit, originality, generosity and pride.

ASABALA—The Mystery of Edwin Drood was unfinished at the time of Dickens' death. 2. Bashfulness usually arises from too much self-consciousness. Try to be sure that your department is exactly in accord with the best custom, and you need not mind being reserved. Your writing denotes indecision, sympathy and generosity.

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## Hobson's Choice.

Miss Tender—How do you like your steak rare?  
Tony the tramp—No, mum; I don't like it that way, but that's as often as I get it.—Time.

## What a Fall was There!

One of our great swells, having come down in the world, went to dine at a little cheap restaurant. While demolishing his beef-steak (which was rather tough) he noticed that he was being intently watched by the garcon, and said to him:

"Well, friend, do you happen to know me?"

"Ah! Monsieur le Comte, we have come down terribly in the world since last we met at the Cafe Anglais!"

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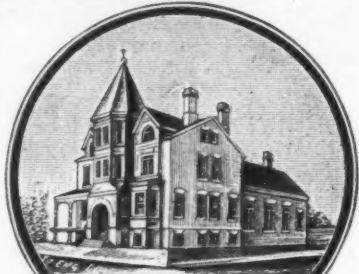
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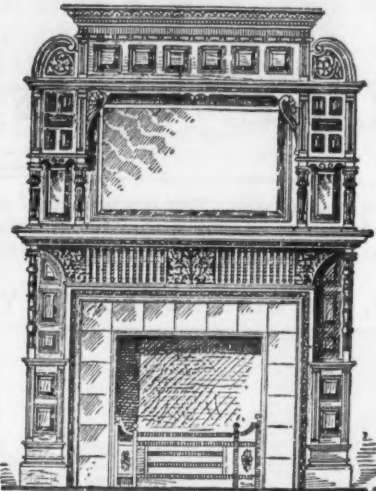
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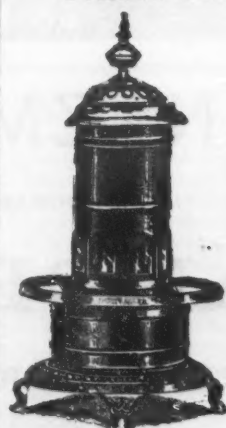
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Concerning one of the many removals to Toronto we clip from a Seaforth paper the following: "Mr. G. L. Ball, dentist, who has worked up a large and profitable practice here for a number of years, having a preference for city life and a good opening occurring, removed to Toronto last Wednesday where he assumes the practice of A. J. Robertson of Gerrard street east. During his residence here Mr. Ball became a universal favorite, both professionally and socially. Mr. Ball stands high in his profession ensuring him success, wherever he goes, and while sorry to part with him, we hope his brightest hopes may be realized in the Queen City."

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### The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

**Births.**  
FRIDHAM—At Toronto, on November 23, Mrs. R. A. Fridham—a son.  
WOOD—At Ingersoll, on December 7, Mrs. E. C. F. Wood—a daughter.  
GRAFTON—At Toronto, on December 9, Mrs. C. Stewart Grafton—a son.  
BAIRD—At Winnipeg, on December 3, Mrs. A. B. Baird—a daughter.  
ELLIS—At Toronto, on December 5, Mrs. R. Y. Ellis—a daughter.  
MILES—At West Toronto Junction, on December 6, Mrs. A. C. Miles—a son.  
THOMPSON—At Toronto, on December 5, Mrs. F. H. Thompson—a daughter.

**Marriages.**  
TEN EYCK—CHESNUT—At Hanilton, on December 2, Alfred E. Chesnut to Agnes Beatrice Ten Eyck.  
BLAIN—MCALLUM—At York Township, on December 4, William Blain of Toronto, to Margaret McCallum.  
FIELDHOUSE—SARGENT—At Toronto, on December 4, B. F. Fieldhouse to Lottie Sargent.

**Deaths.**  
MOORMAN—At Toronto, on December 8, Thos. Moorman aged 19 years.  
BECK—At Peterborough, on December 7, Rev. John Walton Romeyn Beck, M. A., Rector of Peterborough, Rural Dean, and Canon of St. Alban's cathedral, aged 61 years.  
WATT—At Toronto, on December 9, Samuel Watt, aged 55 years.  
MILLER—At Hamilton, on December 8, Mrs. Eliza Miller, aged 80 years.  
BRACHENREED—At Toronto, on December 9, infant son of Thomas and Annie Brachenreed.  
WEIR—At Chicago, on December 8, Mrs. T. J. Weir, aged 30 years.  
GILLIES—At Toronto, on December 8, John Gillies, aged 62 years.  
GAGEN—At Toronto, on December 8, Mrs. Robert F. Gagen, aged 38 years.  
MCKENZIE—At Guelph, on December 7, John McKenzie, aged 50 years.  
BAMBRIDGE—At Toronto, on December 8, Reid Bambridge, aged 22 years.  
EATON—At Toronto, on December 7, Frank Eaton, aged 26 years.  
BOICE—At Toronto, on December 9, Mrs. Edmund A. Boice.  
BACON—At Toronto, on December 10, Mrs. William Bacon, aged 39 years.  
MERCEUR—At Tilsonburg, on December 6, Thomas Mercer, aged 75 years.  
PALEN—At Toronto, on December 6, Mrs. William T. Palen, aged 27 years.  
RITCHIE—At Toronto, on December 8, Mrs. J. Ritchie, aged 55 years.  
COLWELL—At Toronto, on December 6, Mrs. Henry Colwell, aged 53 years.  
GOODALL—At Toronto, on December 7, Mrs. John H. Goodall, aged 21 years.

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14 Gerrard Street East - - - Toronto

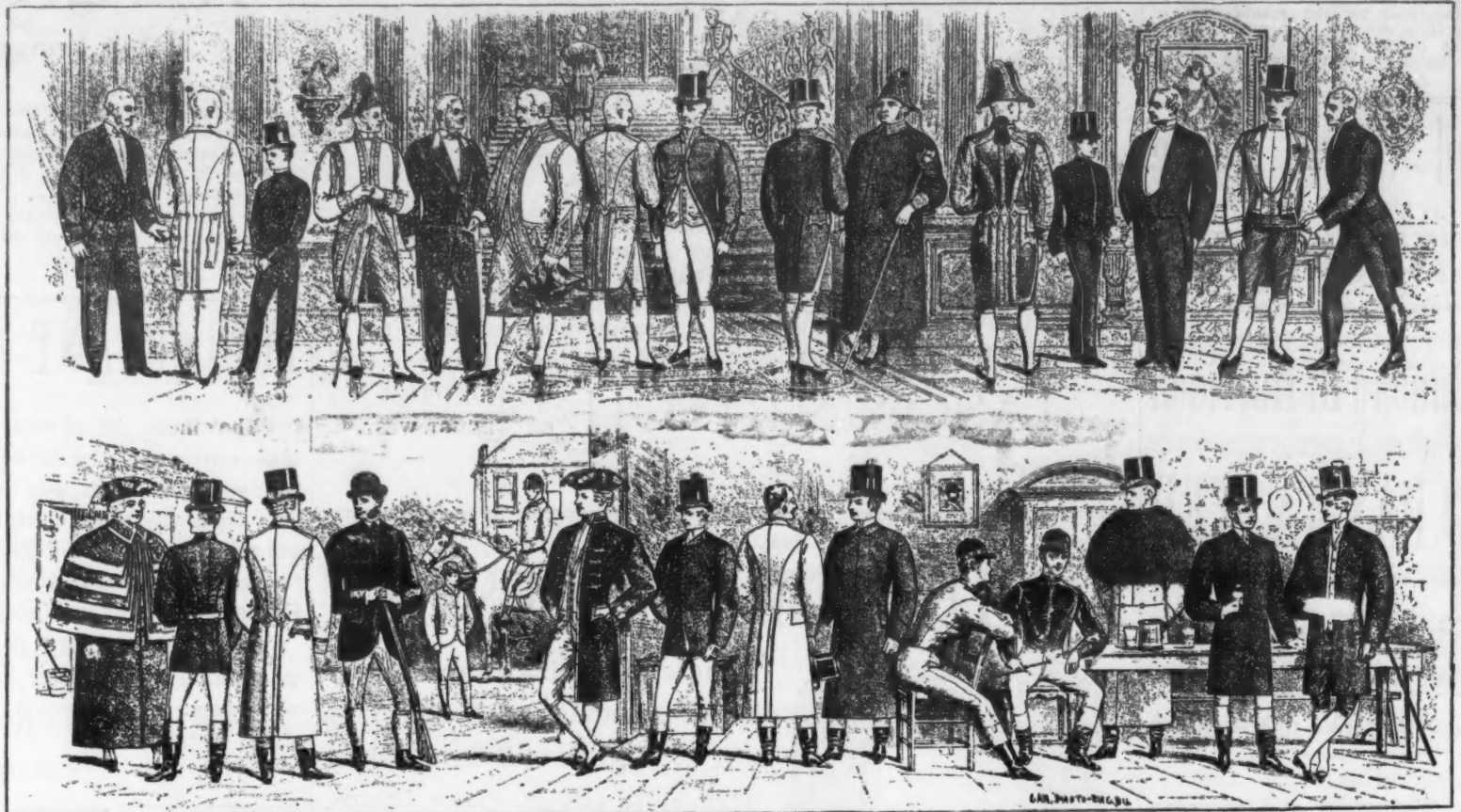
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# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 3, No. 4

{ The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietor.  
Office—9 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 21, 1889.

(SIXTEEN PAGES.)

Whole No. 108

## Around Town.

If I remember correctly when a former agitation was set afoot for the prevention of partisan band-playing on the street, the city decided they had no power to suppress such nuisances. It seems strange to me that the Council could not pass a by-law forbidding all bands to play in the public thoroughfare without permission from some officer appointed for the purpose. If this be the case, however, at the next session of the Legislature such powers should be obtained as will enable the police to prevent such disgraceful scenes as have been of frequent occurrence not only recently, but for many years. Processions of hoodlums disgracing the name of the Orange fraternity and all kindred associations, are in the habit of parading behind fife and drum bands to partisan tunes and with a plentiful display of insulting placards. I have been told that the Orange lodges have endeavored to prevent their good name being dragged through the mire by these bands of blackguards whose progress would be much more suitably marked with ball and chain than by alleged music. Some of the city papers have properly deplored the tendency to exaggerate the attack on Archbishop Walsh as well as the small riots caused by these disturbers of the peace. It has been plainly demonstrated, however, that there is a certain element in this city, though it cannot be a large one, entirely in sympathy with the stone throwers and persecutors of Romanists who have done such widespread harm to the good name of Toronto. The proper punishment of such offenders and the suppression of hoodlum processions are absolutely necessary to the public peace and to the reputation of the city. Furthermore, if the fool killer is not dead he should be introduced to some of those pin-headed bigots who, though they have outgrown the years of youthful folly, have not escaped from that peasant ignorance and ferocious fanaticism which delight in exhibitions of rowdiness and thoroughly believe, despite the enlightenment of the last decades of the nineteenth century, that King William and God Almighty look down with approving smiles when a dirty nosed whelp shies a rock at a passing papist.

It may be urged that the Catholics themselves are not inoffensive in such matters. This is true, but street rows of recent years in Toronto almost invariably indicate that Protestants are the assailants. Sometimes—last Sunday for instance—our Catholic neighbors, aroused by the assaults of such alleged Protestant hoodlums as I have described, lose their patience and the more ignorant and impulsive of them retaliate. The Jarvis street row was a sample of this. They had the excuse of the previous day's insult and injury, and while this slightly palliates their offence they must be aware that ruffianly and cowardly conduct on their part robs them of the public sympathy which is now with them and is endeavoring to bring about a better order of things. The assaults on the Orangemen on lower Jarvis street were more than usually cowardly and indefensible, as a large crowd set upon three men and in the stone throwing the safety of innocent people and women was endangered. Altogether such affairs are supremely disgraceful and the chief blame must lie with the Protestant majority, whose very strength should make them tolerant.

When after a life full of good works and those beautiful graces which do so adorn the character, when filled with the faith which has enabled him to triumph over the woes and wickedness of the world, a Christian passes away, it is delightful and comforting to imagine him entering upon his reward in the celestial world amidst the acclaim, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." No ideal can be so beautiful in sublimity affairs, but it is pleasant some times to see men who have toiled long and hard in some special avocation at last admitted to security and plenty, crowned with the honors of office by those whose servant they have been. A conspicuous instance of this sort of thing is in the news of the week, though it is to be regretted that it is not entirely free from some elements which detract from its beauty and restrain the popular applause which might otherwise have become a deafening roar. Mr. Peter Ryan, long the faithful benchmark of the Mowat government, he whose clarion tones have been wont to arouse the enthusiasm of his fellow Catholics on behalf of his master, Premier Mowat, has retired from the arena of political warfare into an office which the *Globe* describes as one "of considerable trust, dignity and emolument." The "trust" will consist principally of trusting to employees to do the work for which he is to be paid, the "dignity" is that which always accompanies an official sinecure, and the "emoluments" will be derived from fees which the Mowat government will unjustly divert from the public pocket. There is every reason to believe that Mr. Ryan will exactly fit the office, as it was made to order for his special use. The people, the law society and propriety all clamored against the creation of this useless and disturbing position, but Premier Mowat, who has blushing admitted that he is the true and original embodiment of "truth and righteousness in public affairs," found it absolutely necessary, either on account of his great love for Mr. Ryan, or because of the importance of his petitioner, to outrage the decencies of office by pensioning his veteran campaigner upon an unwilling and indignant city. This could have been done without creating a new office. Mr.

Ryan could have been appointed to the Toronto shrievalty if his merits and necessities were so supremely great, but if that had been done the Christian politician would have been unable to pension his deserving son who was pitchforked into that lucrative office. The indecency of creating a useless office for a supporter is sufficiently great, and the Rev. Dr. Mowat must have felt that to do such a thing for his own son would turn the stomach even of the faithful. However, the office having been created, and Mr. Ryan having been appointed to it, I make haste to congratulate him that the reward so peculiarly arranged is so eminently suited to the service which procured it. In the long, and I hope, happy days during which Registrar Ryan will have an opportunity to contemplate with rapture, "the trust, dignity and emolument" of his position, it may be that he, like his co-Registrar, may take to the writing of books. Written in his vivid and spirited style, a political Pilgrim's Progress could not but become a classic if it faithfully described all those tasks which fall to the lot of those who serve under the banner of an alleged Christian politician. Mr. Ryan's services to his party have been

magistracy" with propriety, inasmuch as he was a municipal John the Baptist, the voice of one crying in the wilderness of Toronto corruption, the evangel of better days and of purer politics, but when E. F. Clarke, without preparatory experience succeeded him, he was a monstrous innovation and one not to be forgiven by those who opposed him. Toronto discovered before Mayor Howland's terms had expired that his name was not John but William, and that instead of being the harbinger of civic sense and businesslike methods he was merely a voice proceeding out of the emptiness of a cavern of conceit. In Mayor Clarke's administration practical reforms have followed hard labor for the good of the city. The entire time of the mayor has been devoted to city business and it is universally conceded that the office had never been so well filled. It was feared that when a "common printer" was elected to the highest civic position that the dignity of the office would suffer, yet no more dignified mayor has ever occupied the chair. It was feared that because he had many friends amongst the "common people," that unsavory characters would be pitchforked into office, and yet never have fewer personal friends of the

all be Mayor unless it be the fact that only one alderman out of thirty-nine is deserving of such recognition and that no one outside of the City Council does anything worthy of popular regard. The City Clerk holds his office for life or during good conduct which may or may not be a very elastic stipulation. So do the City Treasurer, the City Engineer, the City Solicitor, the School Inspector, the Sheriff, the Registrars, the Clerks of the Division Court, the Clerk of the County Court, and many more that might be named, but the fact that these men are holding office for life and preventing the promotion of deserving aldermen is not dwelt upon. It requires much greater natural ability and aptitude for controlling men and defining methods to fit a man for the mayoralty than to qualify a man for any other office named. There why should a newspaper deplore the fact that a specially able mayor should retain office for three years while it has not a word of mourning because men specially incompetent and entirely deficient in public service hold other offices for life.

I am in favor of electing them all every four or five years, and if men perform their

of politicians are promoted to the chief places in the synagogue, can come to but one conclusion, and that conclusion will be that it pays better as far as office and "honor" go, to be the mean spirited tool of a political machine than to be a public spirited citizen. This is a nice lesson to teach the youth of Canada, but our institutions every day proceed to teach this degrading lesson.

Honors should not be given to men simply because they have worked for them, but because they deserve them. Many an apprentice has served his time without becoming a skillful mechanic or one worthy to be a foreman. Scores and scores of aldermen have worked faithfully and well in that capacity without succeeding in demonstrating that they are fit for anything higher. In electing men to offices of public trust, the man who has served the city should have first choice, all other things being equal; but it must be borne in mind that the election of a man to an office is not so much to honor him as to procure a person fit to discharge the duties of that office. A meritorious career is one thing, but capacity, executive ability and fitness for the place is the first thing, and it is the latter which has made Mayor Clarke so conspicuous that the citizens at large are not only willing that he should again enjoy the honor, but are anxious that they shall have the benefit of his continued service.

On Monday night, in London, Mr. W. R. Meredith delivered an exceedingly able address to his constituents defining his position as leader of the Ontario Opposition. Like all Mr. Meredith's speeches it was liberal in spirit, democratic in doctrine and showed a thorough grasp of the details of our Provincial Government. He declared himself unequivocally in favor of the abolition of exemptions and the severance of the last vestige of connection between Church and State. He deplored the existence of Separate Schools and his declaration that he was and always would be opposed to their extension could not be mistaken. He denounced the tyranny of the License Commissioners and favored their appointment in rural districts by the County Councils and their election by popular vote in the large centers of population. His criticism of the Government was strong and well sustained, but I fear that his programme is not sufficiently clear cut and aggressive to attract to him those radical elements and discontented Reformers who will not change their party allegiance until they have such a definite declaration of principles, principles so unmistakably in advance of those at present maintained by the Liberals that their defection from their old allies will not need to be apologized for. Men do not forsake a party allegiance unless on great and special questions which will afford them such a ready explanation of their course that their former friends can be made to readily understand the reason of the change of base. Mr. Meredith was of course unable to go over the entire ground in one speech and his announcements will no doubt be supplemented—supplemented I hope by still more radical and positive declarations of principle. He has always been much more democratic than the Liberal party and his statement that he thoroughly believes in the people and their ability to govern themselves and to select their servants suggests a programme for doing away with the abuse of patronage which has become so scandalously marked in the latter years of Premier Mowat's administration. His speech was more advanced in doctrine than any he had ever made and I am convinced that before the session is over he will have made still further advances and will adopt a thoroughly democratic position. It will be his only salvation and it is to be regretted that he has let pass so favorable an opportunity of making undeniably plain those views which all his friends are aware that he entertains.

The Cronin verdict seems to have created considerable surprise, and some of those exceedingly clever Canadian papers which discover in every finding of an American court a defective system of administering justice, are pointing out that in spite of the evidence three men have gotten off with imprisonment for life when they should have been hanged. I do not deny that hanging would have been a very proper punishment, but none but those violently prejudiced against democratic institutions would assert that the verdict was the result of anything but the peculiarities of one of the jurors. Juror Culver seems to have been intensely religious and had it not been for him probably the whole five of them would have been hanged, a severity which would not have been justified by the evidence. It is a vindication of the jury system that between undue severity and undue leniency something very near justice was done. It is not urged that Juror Culver had been corrupted. I do not imagine that such a suspicion has been entertained. Taking the whole trial and the verdict, the efforts of the criminals' friends to acquit them, the conscientious efforts of the State to convict them, the deliberations of the jury, selected after such hard challenging, and it seems to me to do credit to the city of Chicago. Chicago is a city in which the most radical Irish have a very great influence, and yet "elected" officials were not afraid to enforce the laws and to prosecute most vigorously. Have we any similar instance of a feud between Irish factions. Remember the Biddulph murders. Evidence, more direct evidence than that offered in Chicago was produced, and yet the murderers of the Donnelly



A CHRISTMAS MORNING ACQUAINTANCE.

great; what he has accomplished for the public is not so conspicuous; it is, therefore, not an unreasonable expectation that he tell those who are providing "the emoluments" the secret of his promotion from License Commissioner at nothing per year to co-Registrar with nine or ten thousand dollars per annum.

The esteemed local contemporary which for eighteen months has made it apparent that it had no other object in life than the belittling of Mayor Clarke, appears to think that it has found a new reason why he should not be elected for a third term. It asserts that a number of able aldermen are retiring from the City Council because they see no prospect of promotion, inasmuch as the present mayor is monopolizing the salary and honors of office. It would certainly be an unwise thing to shovel all the highest civic honors into the lap of one man if equally deserving and competent men who had served their apprenticeship in the city's service stood sadly apart waiting for recognition. I abhor the system of life appointments or any such tenure of office as permanently gives to one man honor, emoluments and official education which should be open to the competition of the ambitious and public spirited. The esteemed contemporary to which I refer contends that W. H. Howland, who was entirely ignorant of civic business, "stepped into the chief

Chief Magistrate received positions than during E. F. Clarke's two years as mayor. It was feared that those friends would be unfit for the places to which they might be appointed, but no instance of such unfitness can be quoted. During Mayor Howland's time the Don and C. P. R. complications had their origin. No complication has arisen during the term of his successor but many knotty questions have been solved and tangled strings straightened. A comparison of the two administrations displays the latter in the most favorable light and indeed if he were to seek for the administration which would compare most unfavorably with his own, he would doubtless select that of his predecessor, with whom the *Telegram* is so enamored.

I admit that "good men have gone and are still going out of municipal life because there is no avenue of performance open to them." It is also true "that the best men will be driven out of or deterred from entering municipal life by a popular indifference to faithful public service." For ten years I have urged these very things as an argument why every public office the duties of which are local and the emoluments of which are derived directly from the people served should be elective, that the term of such offices should not be unreasonably long nor the salary excessive. It will be admitted that men who have well served the city cannot

duties to the satisfaction of the public they will no doubt be re-elected. As it is public-spirited men who have done their best for the city really have no avenue of promotion. There are three seats in the Dominion Parliament, three in the Local Legislature, and the mayoralty, seven positions in all, but as they are only open on an average once in four years it really leaves less than two rewards per annum in the gift of the people for those who diligently serve them. The ordinary rule for honoring a man under these circumstances is to give him a big funeral and an extended obituary notice. It is discouraging, is it true, but let the discouragement be put where it belongs.

The men in our midst who receive appointments and have such official "honors" heaped upon them are the party hacks; men who have done dirty work, belly crawling and toad eating for either one political party or the other have got the fat offices and they have them for life. The onlooker who sees the public spirited and manly man who is instant in season and out of season in endeavoring to increase the prosperity and progress of Toronto, a man who spends his money and his time in building up the fortune of the community, the man to whom we go for advice in time of a crisis, kept in a back seat while heebers and shouters and the hired men



Concerning one of the many removals to Toronto we clip from a Seaforth paper the following: "Mr. G. L. Ball, dentist, who has worked up a large and profitable practice here for a number of years, having a preference for city life and a good opening occurring, removed to Toronto last Wednesday where he assumes the practice of A. J. Robertson of Gerrard street east. During his residence here Mr. Ball became a universal favorite, both professionally and socially. Mr. Ball stands high in his profession ensuring him success, wherever he goes, and while sorry to part with him, we hope his brightest hopes may be realized in the Queen City."

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### The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

**Births.**  
PRIDHAM—At Toronto, on November 23, Mrs. R. A. Pridham—a son.  
WOOD—At Ingersoll, on December 7, Mrs. E. C. F. Wood—a daughter.  
GRAFTON—At Toronto, on December 9, Mrs. C. Stewart Grafton—a son.  
BAIRD—At Winnipeg, on December 3, Mrs. A. B. Baird—a daughter.  
ELLIS—At Toronto, on December 5, Mrs. R. Y. Ellis—a daughter.  
MILES—At West Toronto Junction, on December 6, Mrs. A. C. Miles—a son.  
THOMPSON—At Toronto, on December 5, Mrs. F. H. Thompson—a daughter.

**Marriages.**  
TEN EYCK—CHESNUT—At Hamilton, on December 2, Alfred E. Chesnut to Agnes Beatrice Ten Eyck.  
BLAIN—MCALLUM—At York Township, on December 4, William Blain of Toronto, to Margaret McCallum.  
FIELDBOUSE—SARGENT—At Toronto, on December 4, R. F. Fieldhouse to Lottie Sargent.

**Deaths.**  
MOORMAN—At Toronto, on December 8, Thos. Moorman aged 19 years.  
BECK—At Peterborough, on December 7, Rev. John Walton Romeny Beck, M. A., Rector of Peterborough, Rural Dean, and Canon of St. Alban's cathedral, aged 61 years.  
WATT—At Toronto, on December 9, Samuel Watt, aged 55 years.  
MILLER—At Hamilton, on December 8, Mrs. Eliza Miller, aged 85 years.  
BRACHENREED—At Toronto, on December 9, infant son of Thomas and Annie Brachenreed.  
WEIR—At Chicago, on December 8, Mrs. T. J. Weir, aged 29 years.  
GILLIES—At Toronto, on December 8, John Gillies, aged 62 years.  
GAGEN—At Toronto, on December 8, Mrs. Robert F. Gagen, aged 58 years.  
MCKENZIE—At Guelph, on December 7, John McKenzie, aged 50 years.  
BAMBRIDGE—At Toronto, on December 8, Reid Bambridge, aged 22 years.  
EATON—At Toronto, on December 7, Frank Eaton, aged 26 years.  
BOICE—At Toronto, on December 9, Mrs. Edmund A. Boice.  
BACON—At Toronto, on December 10, Mrs. William Bacon, aged 39 years.  
MERCER—At Tilsonburg, on December 6, Thomas Mercer, aged 78 years.  
PALEN—At Toronto, on December 6, Mrs. William T. Palen, aged 27 years.  
RITCHIE—At Toronto, on December 8, Mrs. J. Ritchie, aged 33 years.  
COLWELL—At Toronto, on December 6, Mrs. Henry Colwell, aged 63 years.  
GOODALL—At Toronto, on December 7, Mrs. John H. Goodall, aged 21 years.

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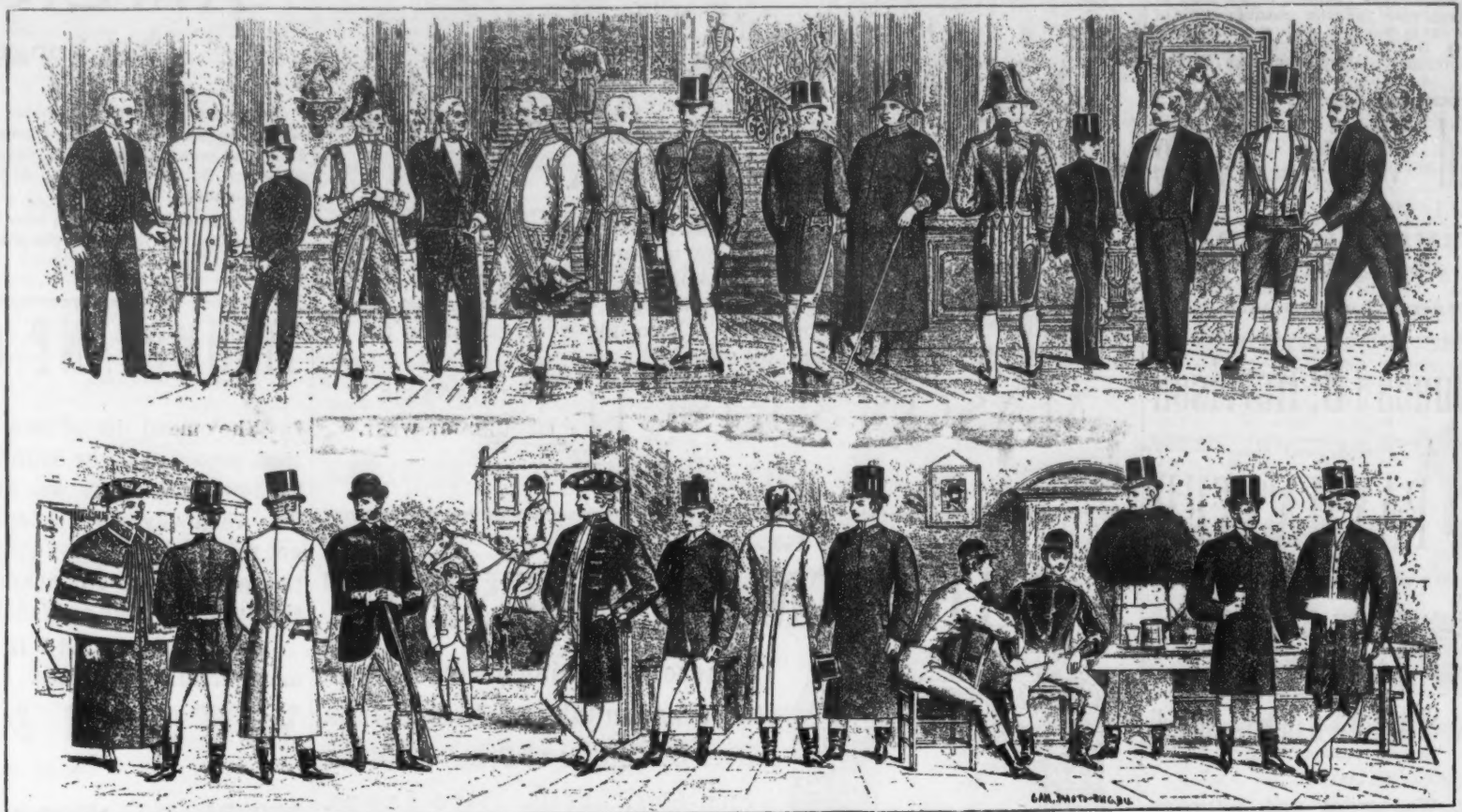
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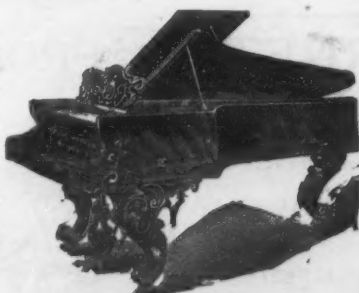
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